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no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

WE much regret to record an accident to Lord Crewe which has temporarily withdrawn him from Ministerial and Parliamentary life. After dining with Lord Morley and other colleagues at Claridge's Hotel he fainted, and in his fall brought on concussion of the brain. Lord Crewe's singular capacity for work and the conscientious fineness of his methods as a debater and as the leader of the House of Lords have over-taxed him, and had not Lord Morley stepped into the breach and assumed both the leadership in the Lords and his old work at the India Office, the Government would have suffered some embarrassment. Lord Crewe has gifts both of temperament and intellect which approach to genius, and they have grown conspicuously with use. His breakdown illustrates a recurring difficulty of the Parliamentary situation. The Government have a tiny body of twenty or thirty peers able and tactful enough to fill the political and administrative offices which remain practically preserves of the aristocracy. The number is quite inadequate, and though there is no reason why the Lords should be represented with any strength in a Liberal Cabinet or Government, some deference must be paid to constitutional forms. The result is that in the attempt to distribute the work of great departments among half-a-dozen men, the handful of peer-Ministers is over-worked. Many of the debates in the Lords are mainly conversations between differing shades of Unionists. The poverty of Liberalism in the Upper Chamber is really one of the reasons for a "catastrophic" creation of peers.

THE Naval Estimates for 1911-12 have been issued (apparently their chief points were given away in advance

to the "Times"). They have excited great uneasiness in the Liberal Party, and unless the Government can assure their followers that the top point of expenditure has been reached, and that the next two years will see a reduction, a great body will be in open revolt. The great point to be aimed at is to escape the expansion of the German Law, which sinks to semi-quietness (with a two-Dreadnought programme) next year. Above all, let us have no more Admiralty "facts" about "German shipbuilding" next Monday. The unadorned beauties of Mr. McKenna's style need no such embellishment.

THE surprise of the Estimates is the five Dreadnoughts. Only four were anticipated. They are to be backed by three protected cruisers, one armored cruiser (a foolish waste of money), twenty destroyers, and six submarines. New construction is to cost £15,063,877, a rise approaching to two millions, and (most ominous of all) 3,000 men are to be added to the personnel. £1,738,645 is allotted to the new programme, a larger amount than that assigned to last year's ships. This opens the way to some relief next year, when a smaller number of Dreadnoughts (ten against thirteen) will be under construction than at present.

THE extra Session of the United States Congress to deal with the Reciprocity Treaty has been summoned for April 4th. The Canadian Opposition has attempted to imitate the dilatory tactics of the Senate, but Mr. Borden's motion to delay the discussion of the Treaty in order to permit of a General Election was defeated by the substantial vote of 112 to 70. Whatever doubt there is among a few Liberal capitalists is certainly not shared by the masses, and Mr. Sifton's revolt has been decidedly repudiated by his constituents. The chief event of the discussion was a brilliant speech from Sir Wilfrid Laurier on Tuesday, in which he reminded the Conservatives that even under Sir John Macdonald their policy had been reciprocity, argued that nature must be left to herself in the matter of trade routes, and ridiculed the idea that the selling of vegetables, cereals, and fruit to Americans could weaken the British connection. The policy of the States had hitherto been one of selfish narrowness, and the relations of the two countries a blot on civilisation. In regard to preferences, he repeated that Canada's attitude is unchanged. She will not interfere in our fiscal controversies. But she will repeat her offer to grant a further preference on British manufactures, in return for a preference in our market on her natural products.

FOR the first time in our remembrance, a British Ambassador has been savagely attacked in the House of Lords. On Monday Lord Amthill in a speech, described by Lord Morley as one of general invective, charged Mr. Bryce with laughing at Mr. Champ Clark's proposal for the annexation of Canada—which he might well have done—and hinted that he was no proper guardian of British honor and interests. The Government had deliberately jeopardised the integrity of a Dominion of the Crown. He thought we were wrong in

thinking that the British people would sacrifice Imperial unity to a worn-out superstition. A fairly sufficient corrective to this language was supplied by Lord Midleton in the House of Lords and Mr. Balfour in the Commons; Lord Midleton saying strongly that Mr. Bryce had done nothing which derogated from his responsibility to the Crown, and Mr. Balfour paying a marked compliment to the powers of tact and persuasion which he had employed at Washington.

THIS tribute was capped by Sir Edward Grey, who stated the notorious facts about the most brilliant career in British diplomacy during the last twenty years. Mr. Bryce had, he said, served the Empire during the earlier Canadian demand for separate representation. He had done Canada yeoman service in the matter of disputes with regard to fisheries and boundaries, and he had greatly improved Anglo-American relationships. As to the Reciprocity Agreement, he had simply introduced the negotiators, and had kept our own trade interests continually before the Canadian statesmen. What he had not done was to disclose the nature of the negotiations to our traders, but that would have been impossible, for they were secret.

THE rather perfunctory debate of Wednesday on the supplementary estimates for the Foreign Office Vote turned almost exclusively on Canadian reciprocity and the Bagdad Railway. Regarding Bagdad Mr. Balfour was interrogative and Sir Edward Grey reticent as usual and not particularly hopeful. He insisted, however, that we have a lever in dealing with Turkey in our ability to refuse our consent to the further increase of her Customs. One gathers from an evidently inspired article in the "North-German Gazette" that Berlin looks askance at any negotiations between Constantinople and London, proposes to stand on her paper rights to carry the railway to the Gulf, and resents one-sided bargaining. Mr. Noel Buxton complained of the cold attitude of our diplomacy towards the new régime in Turkey, and argued for an attitude of friendly criticism.

THE revolt in North Mexico has suddenly become exciting because it threatens to provoke the intervention of the United States. It is announced that "field manoeuvres" on a large scale will be carried out in Texas and Southern California, and warships and troop-trains are already hurrying to carry a force that may eventually number 20,000 men to the border. The army is full of enthusiasm, and it is understood that the "manoeuvres" are of the kind at which men carry ball cartridge, and are supported at sea by the fleet. Rumor, of course, has been busy. Some gossips will have it that President Diaz is dying or dead, but for this guess there seems to be no foundation. Others suppose that the financiers, alarmed for the profits of the mines and railways, which the insurrection has brought to a standstill, have insisted on intervention. It is more probable that Washington, always friendly from commercial motives to the Diaz dictatorship, desires to close the frontier more effectively to the rebels and their convoys. That this is the true interpretation is borne out by the message sent on Wednesday night by Mr. Taft to Diaz, assuring him that the "manoeuvres" have no significance which need cause him concern. He has duly expressed his gratitude.

THE Declaration of London was attacked by Lord Desborough in the House of Lords on Wednesday, but

no new point of view was opened, save a declaration by Lord Morley that the Admiralty considered the action of an International Prize Court could have no considerable effect on a naval war in which we were engaged. Lord Desborough's attack was repeated in a much milder form by Lord Selborne, and repelled by the Lord Chancellor in a speech of great power and breadth of treatment. The question is far too complicated to be discussed in a note, but Lord Desart's defence establishes the leading point in favor of the Declaration, that it yields us a balance of gains on a fair survey of the present war practice of the naval Powers, and the rules and half-rules that guide it. The foes of the Declaration make play with two separate lines of attack. They first assume that we are defending our food supplies, and then quote against the Declaration those provisions which make for their interception. Then they pose this country as acting on the offensive, and criticise adversely all the clauses which limit our powers of attack on neutral-borne goods, destined for the enemy. The result is a great injustice to the Declaration, as well as a complete confusion of argument. We do not like some of the definitions of the Declaration, but we dislike still more the existing naval codes or traditions which they mitigate. That is the point of the whole case put forward by Sir Edward Grey, Lord Desart, and Sir Charles Ottley, and unless it is kept in view, serious consideration of the Declaration is impossible.

THE usual fight for a place in the scheme of Government Bills has already set in. A deputation of Welsh Liberal members saw the Prime Minister on Tuesday afternoon and obtained from him the statement that the Government would, after the passage of the Parliament Bill, give Welsh Disestablishment a position enabling it to override the Veto of the Lords during the present Parliament. Some members of a deputation of Welsh Nonconformists seem to wish to give Disestablishment a priority over Home Rule, fearing that if the Irish Bill passes first the majority for Welsh Disestablishment will be destroyed or much reduced by the withdrawal of the Nationalist members. On the whole, the hope of the Government appears to be to set up the Disestablishment Bill in the autumn of 1912. We confess that this seems to us an almost impossible procedure after the utter exhaustion of a Session devoted to Home Rule. We hope the Welsh members will be patient. We have not yet got the Veto Bill through, but when it is passed there ought to be no difficulty in moving two great controversial Bills through the then open door of the Constitution.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH introduced last week in the House of Lords what he called a Reference to the People Bill. The measure might more properly be termed a Bill for the Multiplication of Elections, for the frequent Reference of Liberal Bills to the Electorate, and for the Aggrandisement of the Powers of the House of Lords. The Bill provides that any measure sent up to the Lords, and rejected or amended by them, may be submitted to the electorate, including, it appears, Budget Bills. A majority of two per cent, or, say, 40,000 votes, would be enough to carry any measure submitted to the Referendum. In the case of Bills passed by both Houses, two hundred members of the House of Commons would have the power of ordering a reference. This is nominally a concession to Liberalism, but the Constitutional objection that it would disorganise Parliament and emasculate Ministries seems to us fatal.

OUR Paris correspondent writes:—"The *début* of the new Ministry has not been brilliant, though the division on the vote of confidence showed that the situation has changed. The majority of 309 was entirely composed of the Left, the minority of 114 of the Centre and the Right. The Socialists abstained in a body, and there were thirty-five other abstentions among deputies of the Left, all of them moderates. For the moment M. Monis has succeeded in re-uniting the non-Socialist Left with few and unimportant exceptions. But it is far from certain that union will be preserved when it comes to action. The Premier's policy is very tentative; the advanced Radical papers are as dissatisfied as the Conservative Press; the Briandists twit M. Monis with being more moderate than M. Briand; the distrust of the organs of the Centre is not overcome; the organs of the Right denounce the declaration as a piece of hypocrisy."

* * *

"MOREOVER, the Premier's task is inherently difficult. M. Briand has left him all the problems to solve. He has a genius for evading solutions by brilliantly clever devices which settle nothing. The famous policy of appeasement has appeased nobody, least of all the Clericals, who are more aggressive than ever. The Separation Law, which provided for everything except what actually happened, has left many difficult problems unsolved, notably that of the tenure of the churches, which will yet give great trouble. The Old Age Pensions scheme seems likely to prove unworkable on account of the compulsory deductions from wages, which will lead to endless trade disputes. The purchase of the Western Railway has turned out a bad bargain for the country on the terms on which it was effected, and the task of reorganising the system will be long and costly. No progress at all has been made with the income tax since M. Briand came into office, which is not surprising, since he depended on the support of its most bitter opponents. It is probable that there is a working majority in the Chamber—including the Socialists—for an advanced policy. But it is unlikely that the Ministry will have the courage to go forward with it."

* * *

RUSSIA, or more properly the Russian Court, celebrated on Saturday and Sunday the jubilee of the emancipation of the serfs. The Tsar, by a really happy inspiration, stage-managed by M. Gutchkoff, the Octobrist Speaker of the Duma, received the peasant deputies in audience, and the Speaker in a telling phrase described them as "slaves then, law-givers now." The Socialists on the one hand, the extreme Right on the other, stood aloof. Of any spontaneous popular rejoicings we hear nothing. Meanwhile, as a commentary on the Jubilee, the Universities, abandoned for some time to riotous conflicts between the progressive majority and a reactionary minority of students, have once more been handed over to the control of the police. "Scores of professors" (to quote the "Times") have resigned, among them the Rector of Moscow and Professor Vinogradoff. Hundreds of students have already been exiled or driven into the ranks of the army, a measure which doubtless will bear its usual fruit in diffusing Socialist propaganda. The Courts are busy with a case in which the systematic activities of the Black Hundreds, as an agency for assassination under formal police protection, are revealed with a clearness which startles even Russians.

* * *

HERR BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, as if to raise himself to a Bismarckian level, is about to engage in a mild kind

of Kultur-Kampf. The decree of the Vatican, half imposing, half recommending, the taking of an oath of abstinence from all modernist opinions upon teachers in orders, is the cause of the conflict. Some obscure negotiations have been in progress between Berlin and Rome. They resulted in a somewhat shifty declaration that the oath is not obligatory, coupled with an irritating denial that Prussia had intervened. The Chancellor now declares that Prussians "don't want to have stones thrown into their garden," and threatens certain reprisals. He hints that the mission to the Vatican may be withdrawn, and announces that teachers who take the oath will be penalised. They may be allowed perhaps to teach mathematics, Greek, Latin, and possibly (a stroke of real humor) Assyrian antiquities, but they will not be thought worthy to instruct Germans in their own language or history. The meaning of all this probably is that the Chancellor is annoyed with the Centre for forcing him to abandon the reactionary scheme for a sort of autonomy in Alsace-Lorraine.

* * *

THE personal note of the Free Church Council, which has been sitting at Portsmouth, has been the regretful leave-taking of Dr. Jowett, its greatest intellectual ornament. Dr. Jowett was received by the King, and given a specially gracious word of farewell. We think it unfortunate that Dr. Jowett should go, for reasons on which we propose to enlarge in an article next week. He will probably find a much narrower sphere of influence on the life of his new congregation than he exercised over the old. It is difficult to summarise the doings of the Council, but we note the warm reception given to the address of Dr. Garvie, a modified Ritschlian, with its qualified rejection of pragmatism; the general endorsement of advanced views on the social question; and the enthusiasm shown to Sir Oliver Lodge's suggestion of the opening of a new semi-mystical door between science and religion. The attitude of the Established clergy towards the Council has been very cordial, but on reunion the last word was probably said by Canon Henson, who suggested that it was impossible if the sacerdotal school obtained the mastery in Anglicanism.

* * *

THERE has been much adverse criticism of a provision in Lord Swaythling's will under which the testator not only binds his children to profess the Jewish religion and only to marry Jews, but also withdraws the greater part of the bequests to two of his daughters should they continue to promote "Liberal Judaism." Most people will feel the utmost repugnance for such attempts of one generation to limit the spiritual freedom of another. It is an offence not only against religion, as enlightened men and women now pursue it, but against the spirit of humanity. "Liberal Judaism" happens to be identified with some of the best thoughts and lives among modern Jews; but even if its title deeds were less worthy than they are, a dying man should of all others respect the spiritual freedom of those who are to come after him.

* * *

WE shall publish next week the first instalment of an important communication from Mr. Barry O'Brien on Federal Home Rule, which makes some interesting revelations as to the genesis and form of the earlier Home Rule Bills, and as to Gladstone's and Mr. Chamberlain's view of the Irish constitutional problem.

Politics and Affairs.

THE OVERDUE REFORMS.

THE Government has little to fear from the confused tactics of an Opposition that is at war with itself. Its real difficulties lie in the hard facts of the problems that it is called on to solve. The trouble is a very old one. It has beset the party since 1906. In a sense it has beset it since 1892. It is that Liberal reforms under the working of the block system by the House of Lords are long overdue, and there is a congestion of legislative demands, each movement being pushed on by its own friends without regard to the real possibilities of progress. A Liberal Government is never allowed by its supporters to do one thing at a time, and the consequence has been that there has been danger of doing nothing at all. At the present moment the whole energies of the party ought to be concentrated on the Parliament Bill. But while everyone is agreed to echo two parts of a famous phrase—"The Bill, the whole Bill"—no one will consent to the third part of the formula, "and nothing but the Bill." On the contrary, everyone has his own particular project, which is to be forced on the moment the way is cleared; and political discussion already begins to concern itself, not with the Veto, but with what is to be done and the order in which it is to be done when the Veto is swept away. There is to be Home Rule for Ireland; according to some accounts Home Rule for Scotland and Wales as well; Scottish Land Bills, Welsh Disestablishment, the abolition of Plural Voting, Woman Suffrage, National Insurance, reform of the Poor Law, and reconstitution of the Second Chamber. In the imagination of some people it would almost seem as though all these little legislative trifles were to be conveniently tucked into next Session's work, which might also contain, by way of something really ambitious, the long overdue adjustment of national and local finance. In all seriousness, supporters of the Government must moderate their transports. They must bear in mind the simple truth that if a crowd rushes at a narrow door, many are trampled and few get through, while if they exercise a little patience and pass out one by one, there is a decent and satisfactory exit for all.

The pressure on the Government from its supporters yields to the Opposition the one and only argument with which they can make effective play. They charge the Government with fraud, as Mr. Balfour courteously put it, in that it proposes to utilise the interval between the restriction of the Veto and the reconstitution of the Second Chamber for the passage of organic measures of prime importance. This charge would have real and serious force if it were the intention of the Government to reconstitute the Veto along with the Second Chamber. If the intention was to remove the absolute Veto for the purposes of this Parliament, then to pass Home Rule and various other first-rate measures, and to end up with a constitutional settlement establishing a new Second Chamber independent of the House of Commons, with full power of Veto, it would be very difficult to meet the gravamen of Mr. Balfour's indictment. The policy of the Government can only be

justified if it intends to keep the new Second Chamber in the same position of subordination to which it is reducing the House of Lords. The question of reconstitution then remains, what it has always been in the minds of most Liberals, quite secondary to the question of powers. The prime object of the party is to secure untrammelled power in finance, and the last word in legislation, to the representatives of the people. This secured, the character and constitution of the Second Chamber are of minor importance. But it is still desirable that this Chamber should be impartially constituted, and that it should be dependent in its constitution on the House of Commons. To reconstitute it on these lines may possibly be the work of the present Parliament. But to reconstitute the Second Chamber is not to touch the Veto. That will remain as the Parliament Bill determines it. If this is the course which the Government intends to pursue, Mr. Balfour's main criticism falls to the ground. There will be no interval between two vetoes. There will be, so far as the present Government is concerned, an end of the absolute Veto. There will be no question of hurrying through difficult and contentious legislation during an interregnum between two dynasties, for there will be no new dynasty. There is to be an end, but no fresh beginning. King Oligarchy is dead, and there is to be no new king. If this is so, Mr. Balfour's argument will only carry weight as long as the intentions of the Government remain obscure. Let Ministers make it quite clear that the Veto question will not be revived, and they turn the edge of the single weapon which their adversary can wield with effect.

There are other problems arising from the congestion of reform movements less easy to dispose of. In particular the question of Irish Home Rule opens out larger issues, for which the public mind is imperfectly prepared. Already its appearance above the horizon of practical politics has brought the dormant Scottish Home Rule movement to life again. It will be necessary to test opinion in Scotland on all sides before any step is taken which would commit the party one way or another on this issue. But we have never been blind to the fact that the establishment of an Irish Parliament must react on the relations of every part of the United Kingdom. If the Irish members remain at Westminster, though in diminished numbers, Scotland, and Wales, and England herself, will demand a measure of freedom in dealing with internal affairs without the interference of the Irish vote. Yet there will also be matters of the first political importance—defence, for example, foreign and Imperial policy, and the Customs at least, if not finance in general—which are, and must remain, objects of common concern.

How is the difficulty to be met? Opinion is hardly ripe for a final solution of the whole problem. The Irish contend, and in our judgment rightly contend, that that part of the problem which specially concerns them is ripe for a solution. It is nineteen years since the constituencies returned a majority pledged to Gladstonian Home Rule, and much that has happened in the interval has gone to strengthen the general principles of autonomy within the Empire. They will refuse, and we think rightly refuse, to let the cause of Irish Home Rule wait until England, Wales,

and Scotland have made up their minds as to the precise relations which they would like to institute as between themselves. As at present advised, Parliament is not in a position to determine these relations. What it must do, then, is in outline tolerably clear. It must frame the measure of Irish Home Rule on lines which leave the wider question open; that is to say, on lines compatible with a further extension of Devolution, but without necessitating such Devolution or deciding beforehand the particular form which it must take. This solution carries two political consequences. The first is the retention of Irish members at Westminster in numbers proportionate to population—the necessary basis of any further Devolution. The second is an avowedly provisional arrangement of financial relations. The ultimate solution of the financial relations we take to be that Customs would remain in the hands of the Imperial Parliament, while Ireland would raise her own Inland Revenue through her own treasury. But we believe that Irish opinion would acquiesce in an interim arrangement, if it were to determine automatically at the end of a stated period of five or ten years, by which the raising of revenue in general would remain in the hands of the House of Commons, and the proceeds were allocated in due proportion to Ireland by a mixed commission representing both Governments. The Irish portion would then be administered for Irish purposes by the Irish treasury. This plan would give time to the British House of Commons to adjust itself to the new situation which would arise from the changed position of the Irish Party; and, finally, it would allow public opinion on this side of St. George's Channel to decide at leisure between the merits of one subordinate Parliament and four. It would also blunt the point of some of the sharper issues which the financial problem must inevitably raise, and which may prove too acute for settlement at one stroke.

COMMON SENSE ON THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

It is, we think, a grave misfortune for Liberalism and for the country that while the Admiralty has been compelled to drop its whole case of German acceleration, the new Estimates are framed as if its contention had not been scattered to the winds. We credited Germany with the power and the intention to set afloat a whole squadron of "Dreadnoughts" in advance of her advertised time and programme. On this false statement we rushed up thirteen "Dreadnoughts" when we need only have built nine. The mistake has been made, and the nation must pay for it. But we have a full right to expect a resumption of the earlier rate, now that we know that we maintain our former superiority, both in the number of capital ships and in our general power of rapid construction. If that does not accrue, and the Admiralty simply takes French leave to four unnecessary "Dreadnoughts," we invite the German Admiralty to add a corresponding four. For that reason, the Liberal Party cannot assent, not merely to an increase of 3½ millions on the Estimates of 1910-11, but to the construction of five new "Dreadnoughts," without a specific understanding that the overdue economy, which common honor and common sense alike demand, is simply

postponed to 1912 and 1913. The policy of adding to our Navy an annual fleet of "Dreadnoughts," with complements, that run up our total production of sea-going warships to thirty-five, must be ended. The Liberal Party has gained nothing by bowing the knee to strange gods. But for the Budget of 1909 the panic which its First Lord conjured up for it would have swept it away. Now that the party has been restored, as by a miracle, to its old potency, it can only live and thrive by abjuring the poison that all but slew it. The Liberal Party in Parliament, therefore, cannot assent to these Estimates without guarantees. The Navy has been raised to a power which threatens the world. The needlessness of the culminating effort is assumed by its author in the very Estimates which seem to prolong and intensify it. He has assented to the subtraction of the Colonial "Dreadnoughts" from the main body of the Imperial Fleet, to whose succor they were summoned in the patriotic alarms of the last two years. Not a trace of the old fears can be seen in the scientific measurements of relative force—in "capital" ships, in speed, in armament, in gun-power, in variety of types—published by the technical advocates of a great Navy. No words can, indeed, leave on the uninstructed mind any adequate idea of the vast superiority of this country in naval *personnel* and training, in the speed and adaptability of the various types of vessel, in all the methods and conveniences for fighting, repairing, and handling modern ships of war. The chances are that we have greatly exceeded a manageable number of well-handled vessels.

Let us therefore put off the whole panoply of foolish fears, and devote ourselves to the principles of naval administration on which the Liberal Party have a right to insist. Panics, like other epileptic fits, wear themselves out, and cannot at once be revived. Thanks to them, we are greatly over-built; for that grave error we must suffer, in so far as it has raised the standard of naval strength against which we build. As this again has been really a triple and not even a double standard, the burden placed on our shoulders has been proportionately increased. But why was it assumed at all, as if every British statesman were not aware that the Triple Alliance was a Continental combination, and could not be counted on for a naval war, and that even if it were, the French fleet must obviously count in our favor? And why has the Liberal Party ever allowed itself to be confused over the two essentially different points of a strong navy and a costly navy? What reason has it to suppose that the last two years have added to the strength of the Navy in due proportion to the enormous extra cost of it? And how can it have lost sight for a moment of two other vital considerations—first, that armaments are governed by policy, and that, for aught the House of Commons knows, there is no conceivable ground of rational conflict between Germany and ourselves; and, secondly, that the defensive strength of this country lies in finance as well as in ships? The elder position of our statesmanship was—moderate war-budgets in time of peace. This has now been so obscured that we keep in continual mobilisation two or three armadas almost at the strength they would

assume on the declaration of war. We should never have allowed the Admiralty to adopt this policy until we had tested the reality of their reliance on the "Dreadnought" type. If this was to be exclusive of all the foregoing types, as it has been assumed to be, then an extensive scrapping of obsolete ships was obviously wise. If the superiority of the "Dreadnought" to the "Lord Nelson" and the "King Edward" classes was comparatively trifling, its advertisement as the only stand-by of the coming fighting fleet was an almost criminal blunder.

We come, therefore, to a clearing of the account between Liberalism—with its demand for a general rise of the standard of national efficiency as against the Tory ideal of great fighting services screwed out of a neglected community on a low standard of efficiency—and the demand for overwhelming naval armaments. We must write off some part of the rise in the Navy Estimates, for the second and third years of accounting for the recently built "Dreadnoughts" must needs be costlier than the first and second. Our main concern must be for the future, and there we must insist on guarantees for a definite and powerful re-assertion of the almost lapsed control of the Treasury and the Cabinet over the expenditure of the war services. On the facts, the case for such a resumption of Constitutional powers is irrefutable. We built the eight "Dreadnoughts" of the 1909 programme, and the five "Dreadnoughts" of 1910, as a reply to an alleged acceleration of the German Naval Law, and we have built so much and so fast that the excess of three "Dreadnoughts" over the German provision, which Mr. McKenna declared to be adequate, has swollen to an excess of something like two to one over the danger zone stretching from 1912 to 1914. Obviously, then, the pace can be slackened and the measurements re-adjusted, without the smallest danger to the continued primacy of the British Fleet. If it is argued that this primacy must be converted into an all-dominating supremacy, under a guiding proposition of an "inevitable" Anglo-German War, or that the Department which misled us two years ago is relieved of all dependence on policy, or that economy is an empty word and social reform a catchpenny cry, or that efficiency and costliness are exchangeable terms, or that taxation on a war scale is to be made perpetual with a view to visionary perils always conveniently placed three or four years ahead, or even that a nation has no right to cut its garment according to its cloth; then, indeed, a deep and irreparable wound will have been opened in the bosom of Liberalism. We hope for no such quarrel and no such issue to it. We hope and expect to see a term put to the period of panic-building. The Treasury can see what the nation can afford, now that it has begun to realise what the yield of the new sources of taxation will be. Already it looks as if the whole of the surplus for 1911-12 would be eaten up, and it is impossible to say whether the finance of the insurance schemes has not been endangered. In any case we can have no more swollen Navy Estimates. If the Admiralty cannot build us a good Navy for forty millions a year, they will soon learn the way to do it, and if this task exceeds their skill, they will build us a no better one for fifty.

THE CASE FOR RECIPROCITY.

THE temper of our baffled Protectionists has nowhere been exhibited more characteristically than in the impertinent attack on Mr. Bryce by Lord Ampthill and the Tory Press. Without the least pretence of evidence they assumed that our Ambassador at Washington, with the connivance and encouragement of our Government, was bending every effort to bring Canada and the United States into commercial union, regardless of any injuries to British trade which might be involved, in order to defeat the project of Imperial Preference. According to these neo-Imperialists, the representative of our Empire at Washington ought to have lent no aid to Canada in her desire to improve her trade relations with America. He should have hampered the delicate negotiations by communications to the manufacturing interests affected in this country, which in their turn would have been able to bring pressure on our Government to interfere. Sir Edward Grey put the matter with admirable clearness. "We could have forbidden her to conclude with the United States an arrangement entirely in her statutory rights until we had the whole thing over here and until British manufacturers had considered it." If the remonstrances of our Tariff Reformers mean anything, this is what they mean, and anyone acquainted with the spirit of our self-governing dominions will be aware that even the whisper of such interference would strike a chill into the very heart of colonial Imperialism. The despatches of Mr. Bryce, just published, show that he pursued the only course open to him as our representative. There could be no doubt that he cordially approved of a commercial *rapprochement* between the two countries. No man in the world is better qualified to recognise the reciprocal advantages of the proposed arrangement. But as the original plan was expanded, so as to include lowering of rates upon certain manufactured goods, Mr. Bryce pressed on the attention of the Canadian negotiators all those British interests which his critics have charged him with neglecting. Tariff Reformers may safely be invited to mention any further action which either Mr. Bryce or our Foreign Office could have taken, which would not be rightly regarded in Canada as an unwarrantable interference with her political liberties and her economic interests.

The calm judgment of Mr. Bryce, even more than the impassioned oratory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, will serve to dispose of the scare of "annexation" which the opponents of reciprocity have thought fit to use as a weapon of obstruction here and at Ottawa. So far from reciprocity furnishing a natural stepping-stone to annexation, the converse is true. When the first reciprocity arrangement was in course of discussion sixty years ago, Lord Elgin warned the Imperial Government that any serious attempt to block the reciprocity movement would inevitably stimulate the demand for annexation. The same is evidently true now. The large immigration of American farmers into the North-West of Canada will strengthen every year the element of the Canadian population with strong American sympathies. Canada offers a hearty welcome to these immigrants, who bring more wealth, intelligence, and enterprise than any other sort of immigrants; and, at no distant period, the political

influence of this section of Canada will be predominant. Along with this influx of American farmers there proceeds an equally rapid flow of American capital. The timber regions, the coal-mines, the fisheries, and large sections of agricultural land in the North-West and in British Columbia, are already mainly controlled by American investments. This American capital and labor are not concerned with politics, provided that free and profitable markets are attainable for their products. But for such markets they must inevitably look more and more southwards across the American border. Given these free markets, no demand for political union will arise. But deny these markets, and the latent Americanism of the North-West will rapidly gather political significance, seeking under a common flag that liberty of profitable trade which it can only thus attain.

To all Imperialists who can see beyond their nose, this paramount consideration must easily prevail over any little risks or damages which this Reciprocity Agreement seems likely to inflict upon our trade. We do not deny these risks or dangers, though their magnitude is enormously exaggerated. Tariff Reformers produce elaborate calculations to prove that the proposed schedules affect more than a million pounds' worth of our imports into Canada, and to suggest that the loss incurred by us amounts to some such sum. But this is an utterly unwarranted suggestion. A closer examination shows that in many of the articles included in these schedules our manufacturers do not compete, and that in many others the reduction or loss of preference will not sensibly affect the trade. But even were their analysis accurate, were the loss to the export trade as great as they pretend, there is nothing we can do. In order to preserve the profit on a million of artificially stimulated trade, are we to put taxes on the entrance of six hundred millions' worth of goods into our ports? Tariff Reformers still idly pretend that if only the Reciprocity arrangement can be postponed until after our Imperial Conference, this Government could enter on an Imperial arrangement which would replace the American proposal. But such a notion is doubly ridiculous. An Imperial preference on our part implies as its basis the prior adoption of a protective tariff, and the nation has definitely rejected this proposal. Moreover, the Canadian Government has by repeated declarations made it clear that the policies of Preference and of Reciprocity, upon their part, are quite independent of each other. Even were we prepared to enter on a preferential scheme, that would not appreciably diminish the advantage to Canada of such a reciprocal arrangement with America as she is planning. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding have repeatedly maintained that the preference which Canada accords us will not suffer from the new connection with the United States. But if they should find themselves unable to fulfil this promise with exactitude, no Free Trader can attach blame to them. For to Free Traders a preference can only commend itself so far as it implies a partial remission of an artificial and injurious barrier. If such a preference is in part cancelled by an extension of the remissions to some other nations, Free Traders will approve what is in effect a nearer approach to free exchange.

But any doubts about the public utility of reciprocity will be resolved for students of politics by the outrageous display of obstructive tactics on the part of its opponents at Washington. That powerful conspiracy of corrupt business interests, the elected Second Chamber of the United States, surpassed itself last week in its cynical contempt for the American people. By a deliberate frittering away of time the Republican majority succeeded in denying consideration and decision upon a measure of supreme importance, recommended to it by a Republican President. The correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" gives the following instructive comment upon the physical and mental exertions involved in this evasion of its legislative duties. "Some of the older statesmen in the Senate were in a deplorable condition yesterday morning after the all-night session, the sequel to the nerve-racking scenes they had endured for three days. They did not retire to their hotels or flats, or even to the luxurious and spacious offices provided by the United States Government for every legislator, but tottered towards benches and cots placed in the adjacent committee-rooms." Against such tactics President Taft has summoned a fresh Session of Congress early in April to force consideration of the Bill. But the enemies of reciprocity, weaker in numbers in both Houses, will probably fight on, in the hope that delay will give opportunity for a fuller rally in Canada and in this country of the opponents of the measure. They possibly over-estimate the importance in Canada of the desertion of his party by that ductile politician, Mr. Sifton, and are, perhaps, misled into imagining that our Imperial Conference will give them some new weapon in their fight against the people. But events will prove too strong for them.

THE PEPPERCORN DEBATE.

For the first time in a period of little less than two years the House of Commons attempted, on Wednesday, some sort of review of our foreign affairs. The debate was brief. Of all the themes which are due for discussion, two only were considered with any approach to thoroughness, and both of them were treated by speakers on both sides less as items in any coherent foreign policy than as isolated issues which happen to affect British trade. A stranger who had stumbled on the debate might have supposed that the British Empire was a great trading concern, which moved sedately on traditional lines, which it was content for the most part to follow without question asked or answered, save indeed that there was a little uneasiness about the commercial aspects of the Bagdad railway and the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty. The inference from earlier debates in recent years might have been somewhat different, but hardly more reassuring to those who care that the control of the House of Commons should be maintained over our foreign affairs. It is more often on isolated issues, in which some question of humanity is at stake, that criticism is concentrated. For many years the annual discussion of the Foreign Office Vote

revolved around two themes, to which a third was latterly added—the barbarities of King Leopold on the Congo, the oppressions of Abdul Hamid in Macedonia, and the aggressions of Russia upon Persian independence. King Leopold is dead; Abdul Hamid is a prisoner, and once more we remember—and it is a proper thing to remember—that we are a nation of traders. But the one trend of thought is as partial and inadequate as the other. From neither standpoint can one reach the main problems which are the material of our foreign policy. Through all the years when our Foreign Office was being accused every week in every newspaper of central Europe of leading the anti-German movement, these charges were never seriously renewed. If there had been such a review, British diplomacy might have been relieved of a serious handicap. Year by year criticism was directed at the mounting totals of our Navy Estimates, but whether the Foreign Office might not be regarded as the real architect of our Dreadnoughts was a question which the House of Commons omitted to consider. The plain fact is that it has renounced its control. These debates are a sort of peppercorn rent which Foreign Secretaries are expected to pay with relative punctuality for a tenancy of Downing Street which is all but a freehold.

The Canadian question, which Mr. Balfour raised in a hesitating and academic speech, belongs rather to the general fiscal controversy than to the domain of foreign policy. The problem of the Bagdad railway, on the other hand, is central. As we read the struggle to maintain or to re-adjust the balance of power in Europe, it is not a conflict for any prize or opportunity in Europe itself. It is a struggle for "places in the sun," a rivalry to secure some exclusive favor, some trunk road, or the power of financial control in some semi-civilised region, far beyond the confines of Europe. The battle-ground may be the Embassies of Paris or Berlin. The real warfare may be waged by riveters' hammers in the shipyards of the Clyde or the Elbe. The strategic points in the watching game which has almost replaced active warfare may be now the forts on the Scheldt, or the islands of the Prussian coast, or the long exposed line of the Polish frontier. But the real conflict is none the less for Fez or Bagdad, for a Chinese province or a Persian town. The Bagdad railway holds to-day the place of pre-eminence among these occasions of discord, which Morocco occupied some years ago. There are two ways in which a re-adjustment of all the interests concerned might be sought. The first is that which failed under Mr. Balfour—the method of a friendly conversation between this country and Germany, with a view of discovering terms on which this enterprise might be continued on an international basis. The second is that of negotiating, not with Germany, which holds the concession, but with Turkey, which granted it. Our proposal, apparently, is that the concession granted by the old *régime* to the German company should be withdrawn, in so far as it relates to the section of the railway from Bagdad to the Gulf. Over this stretch we are apparently claiming a predominant right of control, and the compensation which is offered to the German company is the right—which Turkey

must eventually in her own interests have wished to concede, and even insisted on conceding—of linking up the Bagdad line with the Syrian system and the Mediterranean port of Alexandretta. Our lever is one which we can apply to Turkey, but only indirectly through her to Germany; we may veto or we may sanction a further increase in her revenue tariff on foreign imports. Meanwhile, if we may trust the German semi-official Press, German influence is being used at Constantinople to stop this whole conversation. A more risky or delicate triangular complication it would be difficult to conceive. Germany has her paper rights. We have to set against them only our traditional position in Mesopotamia and on the Gulf, which rests mainly on usage and our naval strength. The Turks feel a certain doubt as to the compatibility of German ambitions with their own effective independence, but they are equally perturbed by our pretensions in Mesopotamia. We are asking them in effect to risk the annoyance of Germany by a substantial recognition of our exclusive pretensions in Mesopotamia, and under pressure from us, themselves to put pressure on Germany. The more we insist that the control of the Gulf section is a vital Imperial interest for ourselves, the more are the Turks bound to suspect our motives, and yet it is on the goodwill of the Turks that we rely in our rivalry with Berlin. The complication is not eased when the "Times" draws the ominous parallel of Manchuria, and suggests that we have the same interests in preventing the building of a German railway to the Gulf that Japan had in resenting the Russian railway to Port Arthur. We had hoped for a more promising line of action.

A newspaper must be content to set out the facts in so far as they are divulged or conjectured, and to append to them its note of interrogation. The real work of criticism can be performed only in Parliament, and Parliament has resigned its functions. We must rely for our real knowledge of the more intimate relations of the Powers on such scraps of information as fall from the Ministers of more critical Chambers. M. Pichon remarked a few weeks before his departure, in a casual parenthesis, that "the military conversations with England continue." Something more than a casual question is needed to elucidate this suggestion that the *Entente Cordiale* partakes of a military alliance. The battle for the effective power of the Commons is not all with the Lords. The uncontrolled power of the Departments is a menace to democracy more stealthy than the Veto, and hardly less dangerous. But in the battle for the recovery of the representatives' right of control the popular party may have to fight without its leaders.

THE SALT OF LIBERALISM.

THE standing danger of Liberalism is that it has to govern the country. If it were in a permanent minority its task would be greatly simplified. It then might be a party as consistently devoted to Liberal principles as the Socialist Party is devoted to Socialist principles. Conversely, if the Labor Party should ever obtain power

or rise to the position of the official Opposition with power looming on the horizon, its difficulties would begin. The voice of the "practical" man would be heard in the land of labor. There would be compromise and rumors of compromise. There would be some "indispensable man," notoriously weak in the faith, but allowed to go his own way because the party could have no hope of carrying the country without him. If, finally, from Opposition the party crossed that moral and spiritual Rubicon, the floor of the House, there would be a whole series of new forces to deal with. There would be the clever permanent official, blandly incredulous of reforming ideas, and suavely insistent on office routine and the administrative impossibility of change. There would be the fetish of continuity claiming whole hecatombs of infant enthusiasms. There would be dinners, and the web of social influences. There would be a chorus of praise from the leader-writers for every "statesman" who exhibited symptoms of decline from the principles that brought him into power. There would be the overwhelming practical difficulty of putting the new wine of a humanitarian faith into the old bottles of the musty cellars of Whitehall. It is only a party which entertains no hope of power which is free from these influences. The Liberal Party is permanently exposed to them: directly when it is in the majority, indirectly when it is the official Opposition. It is the work of the world "to keep the ship's head straight," to use the phrase in which the late Prime Minister described his duty as he conceived it during the storm of the South African War.

Prominent among the forces which serve that function is the personal character of a handful of individuals, scattered up and down the country, who seek neither office nor honor, nor even a seat in Parliament. They are content to maintain the life of Liberalism. They are the Elder Statesmen of the Liberal Party. One or two are journalists or engaged in writing or teaching. Others are business men. One or two occupy posts in the extra-Parliamentary organisation. Others keep clear of all direct contact with the machine. These men have Liberalism in their bones. They cling to its best traditions. There is in them in this respect an element of Conservatism, for their special function is to resist the insidious changes that make for the decay of the principles they hold dear; and it is, perhaps, a defect of their qualities that they are apt to hold new applications suspect. But without them Liberalism would be a machine destitute of life.

Of such men Dr. Robert Spence Watson, whose death we recorded with deep regret last week, was a leading example. His activity covered many fields. He served the cause of peace and humanity, very nearly at the cost of his life, in the Franco-German War. He served it in the assiduous promotion of industrial conciliation in his own neighborhood. He was a living example of the wholeness of true Liberalism, the identity of principle which governs all questions, home and foreign, political and social. He was the founder of the "Friends of Russian Freedom," and was the friend of Kropotkin, Stepniak, and Volkovsky. He stood for the tradition of Bright through the

darkest days of the Imperialist reaction, but he saw, what Bright had failed to see, the right application of Liberal ideas to the liberation of Ireland. Of the more Socialistic tendencies of modern Liberalism he was doubtful. Here the Conservative element in his character came into play. Yet he was an active force in the first great enlargement of Liberal policy, which was embodied in the Newcastle Programme of the early 'nineties, and in his work for industrial peace he showed the breadth and adaptability of his mind. A personality at once charming and impressive, a full, well-stored mind, a sincere and home-bred eloquence, were among the gifts which he brought to the service of the forlorn cause and the fainting hope. Withal, he retained through the worst times his position as Chairman of the National Liberal Federation. He sought no honors and only accepted late in life almost the one recognition that is not vulgarised by its associations, membership of the Privy Council. He certainly could not at times bend the Federation to his will, but he probably thought that a definite severance of connection would be more fatal to the party than a measure of compromise.

In this particular he may have been right or wrong—but it is certainly due to the steady influence of a handful of such men as he was that Liberalism survived the cataclysm of the Imperialist years. In those days it was not a question whether the party would be defeated at the polls. It was a question whether there should remain between the Conservatives and the Labor-Socialists an organised party carrying on the traditions of Gladstone and Mill. Hypnotised by the new influences and smitten with the desire to be "up-to-date," Liberals were giving themselves over to the creed of Imperial expansion and racial supremacy. They vainly believed the gospel according to Kipling to be reconcilable with the equally new forces of social regeneration. They found a link between them in the idea of administrative efficiency and the "positive" functions of government. It was at first but a small band who clearly discovered the deep and insuperable chasm between these two sides of the ideal, and recognised that, whatever might be built on the foundations of Free Trade and international fair dealing, these foundations must remain the immovable rock of the land of promise. But to guard this rock will always be the hardest of Liberal tasks, because it involves a measure of imagination which is not the Englishman's greatest virtue, and because it demands a living sense of fair play for the foreign nation, or, perchance, the dependency or the subject race, which cannot speak for itself. There is an absence of the sheer voting strength which any measure of domestic justice may hope to enlist. It is a task, therefore, which is never done. It has against it all the permanent forces of the administrative machine, which, in all external relations, is as completely controlled by the non-moral conception of State relations as if Gladstone had never held power for a day. The men who unceasingly labor at this task do more than any others to keep Liberalism alive in the days of Opposition, and to prevent its corruption by power, and none worked to better effect or with more consistent courage than Spence Watson.

Life and Letters.

A RUSSIAN JUBILEE.

THERE is a certain grimness in the suggestion that the Russian peasantry are celebrating anything at all. The one popular poem which still finds its way to the booths of village fairs, and is read by any peasant who can read at all, bears the title, "Who can be happy in Russia?" Fifty years of legal freedom have passed over the villages, but no school of optimists has arisen to produce its counterblast to Nekrasof's satire. The calendar marks half a century since "the divine figure from the North" liberated nine millions of serfs, and still it seems a paradox to appoint a jubilee. The news of what ought to be one of the most joyful of European events stands side by side in the columns of our newspapers with revelations of the police-aided murders of the Black Hundreds, and details of the stealthy stifling of liberty in Finland. A great act, which seemed to our fathers the most stupendous and hopeful happening of their time, has somehow failed to produce its due effect. How often since 1861 has famine stalked over the liberated villages, to decimate as it passed, and to leave in its train the scourge of cholera and typhus? What pictures of the little peasants flogged and bound for arrears of taxes by their own brothers in uniform has not Tolstoy impressed on the retina of our imagination? How often, even in the rich Black Earth zone, have the indignant freemen to whom a good Tsar gave liberty marched out like the still enslaved peasants of France to burn the manors and the granges of the landlords?

After fifty years the clearest verdict that a spectator can pass upon the moral and social condition of these peasants is that every institution and tradition which served as the foundation of their lives has been shattered by alternations of progress and reaction. The decree of Alexander II. found them still convinced of the boundless generosity and good-will of the Tsar. The details of its execution caused them indeed to doubt his power. It was unthinkable that he could have limited the grant of land to the poor acres which actually fell to their share. It was obvious to their minds that he could not have intended to burden them with payments for land which they regarded as their own. But still, when the strange young men and women "simplified themselves," in the phrase of "Virgin Soil," left their Universities behind them, and went down to the people, the peasants received them as disguised enemies, and were firmly convinced, when the same young men and women blew up the Tsar, that these "Sicilists" were only emissaries from their foes, the gentry. A generation passed, and when the Socialists returned once more to the villages, they found the soil ploughed deep by experience, and harrowed by suffering. The Tsar, who fired on Father Gapon's followers, was no longer the father of his people. That pathetic tradition is dead. Gone, too, is the power of the gentry, which the emancipation sapped, and their own commercial incapacity ended by destroying. Going at length is the most venerable institution of all—the village commune. Amid all the changes of recent years in Russia, there is none so momentous as this. From the standpoint of the daily lives of the people, one may doubt whether even the establishment of the Duma is to be compared in importance with M. Stolypin's edict, which prepared the gradual destruction of the *Mir*. While that survived there was a chance that a civilised people might have made the great experiment of combining fraternity with liberty. Its end means that the Russian peasant, who alone had preserved the ideal of mutual aid and communal property, must struggle towards some ultimate goal of happiness, through the customary phases of individualist exploitation. After fifty years Russia stands raw and half-made. The old era has been shattered in a series of explosions. One can hardly say that a formative or constructive process has so much as begun.

The annals of serfdom in Russia form, perhaps, the most instructive chapter which we could anywhere find

in the history of bureaucracy. It is the common assumption in Western Europe that slavery in Russia was a primeval institution, which was destroyed at last by the will of a liberal Tsar. The facts are quite otherwise. The original basis of Russian as of all the Slavonic societies was, perhaps, the freest of any in Europe. It was only the military centralisation under the Moscow Tsars amid their long struggles with the Tartar invaders which introduced feudal tenure at all. It was not until the time of Peter the Great that the lands originally entrusted to the nobles in return for service in the field became their personal property. It was not until the time of Catherine II. that the peasants on the lands were definitely recognised in law as the chattels of their owners. Serfdom, by a deliberate policy, became slavery; and, by a series of edicts signed in St. Petersburg, millions of men who had been living in the status of the peasants in Norman England were plunged into a condition resembling that of the slaves in the Southern States. Peter the Great was a colossal figure whom his contemporaries saw in many aspects. To our forefathers he was the uncouth figure who smashed the furniture in Evelyn's hired house, and learnt to build ships at Deptford. To Continental Europe he was the soldier who wore out the military power of the Swedes. To his Russian subjects he was the innovator who acclimatised the alien institution of a bureaucracy. The men of no birth whom he raised into a hierarchy of service had all to be rewarded and endowed, and the readiest form of currency happened to be human souls. The expenses of a brilliant, but half-savage, court had somehow to be maintained. The fortunes of the favorites of Emperors and Empresses had somehow to be made, and by hundreds of thousands the free cultivators on the Crown lands were given away with a ribbon and a star. Catherine II. gave away into slavery, on an average, some 23,000 peasants every year. Paul reached the even more munificent average of 120,000. The glitter of the new civilisation and the new discipline was obtained at the cost of a traffic as artificial and as alien from Russian institutions as was the European slave trade from the manners and morals of the Guinea Coast.

Bureaucracy was the curse and bureaucracy was the cure. The emancipation, when it came, came from above, and it came from the very class for whose benefit the new institution of slavery had been created. There had been some literary preparation in the humanitarian literature current among the educated class. There was a minute Liberal minority among the gentry, which, however, was much more interested in the creation of representative institutions than in the liberation of the serfs. The real engineers of this stupendous reform were not the Tsar, nor yet his ministers, but half-a-dozen clever young officials of the second rank, who worked in alliance with a little school of Nationalist journalists. Their guiding idea was certainly not Liberalism. They opposed constitutional reform, mainly on the ground that it would have transferred the balance of power to the gentry, whose intelligence they despised. They looked upon the peasants and the village commune as the real treasure of the Russian State and the embodiment of the Russian idea. They despised the opposition of the reactionary majority, which, as the Tsar's friend, Count Stroganov, put it in a remarkable memorial, "will not reason much about it, but only chatter a little." For the peasants, on the other hand, they affected a mixture of respect and sympathy and fear. They deplored their sufferings, extolled their "common sense," and were wont to paint them to the Tsar as "filled with hate," and ever ready to take their share in disturbances. The reform, when it came, betrayed the weakness of the forces behind it. It went far enough to ruin the thriftless nobility. But it gave to the peasants holdings incapable of economic cultivation, and burdened them with a purchase price which has kept them in a penury as pitiable as their former slavery. One thinks of the startling contrast in Japanese history, when the noble class, in a wave of generous enthusiasm, actually consented to abandon the lands which it held by feudal tenure, without so much as the fiction of compensation.

The ascendancy of a little school of Hegelian idealists in the upper ranks of the bureaucracy was of short duration. The Polish rising and the excesses of the Terrorists prepared a reaction, amid which these generous ideals vanished. The bureaucracy which rules to-day has none of the old romantic prepossessions in favor of the Slavonic trinity of God, the Church, and the peasant commune. It is content to avenge God and Church upon Tolstoy's excommunicated bones, while it destroys the *Mir* and delivers the peasantry to the exploitation of the usurer and the drink-seller. The common lands are everywhere being broken up. Reluctantly, under the stress of debt, the peasant claims as his own the little strip which the commune used to allot him for cultivation between one distribution and the next. It remains his own only while the title-deeds are being transferred to his creditor. Peter the Great replaced the old feudal nobility by an hierarchy of service. M. Stolypin is creating around it and below it a new lower middle-class of little, ignoble proprietors. The old bearded peasant of the blouse and the tall boots is becoming either a landless laborer in the country or a homeless factory worker in the town. The bureaucracy is wise in its generation. It will create a new conservative electorate, which may dominate the polls and elect the jerrymandered Duma of to-morrow. It will also create an embittered proletariat, whose day of power will arrive when to-morrow is yesterday. The time is not yet to celebrate the jubilee of Russian freedom. Things move slowly under the snows.

A JOY FOR EVER—AND ITS PRICE.

SOME little time ago, before the Pensions came, happening to visit a tumble-down cottage in a little Surrey village, we found an old woman in possession. The house was miserably furnished, showing signs of extreme poverty. But in one corner there stood a massive oak chest, evidently of genuine antiquity and magnificently carved. The old woman saw us eye the chest with curiosity, and her wrinkled face glowed with pride. Not to tempt her, but merely to make conversation, we asked her whether she, so poor as she seemed, had never thought of selling the article, for it would certainly fetch a good price. Stiffening a little at our question at first, she gave us no reply, but then, recognising that we meant no harm, she told us the chest had been for generations in the house, that it was the handiwork of her great-great-grandfather, who was a famous cabinet-maker. Everyone who saw it admired it, the squire's lady herself had wanted to buy it, but, though it was hard for a poor woman to refuse good money, she would never, never part with it—"unless," she added sadly, "I am driven to it to keep me from the House." Passing some time after, we found the chest had gone. It was the only way of lasting out until the Pension came.

Irresistibly this incident came into our mind when we first heard how a distressed nobleman had said that he might be obliged to send across the seas one of the great art-treasures of which England is so proud. We recognised how misfortune comes with equal tread to the door of the palace and the poor man's cot. Here was the greatest creation of the art-genius of our race which, in grateful recognition of the generous aid and sympathy accorded the once obscure and struggling painter by a truly noble patron, had been bestowed upon a scion of the house of Shelburne centuries ago. Generation after generation its guardian family had taken pride in making the beauty of this great national treasure accessible to all who had eyes to see and heart to enjoy it. It was, indeed, a possession for all time, a perpetual fountain of inspiration for all lovers and students of the "wealth" which, far more than trade or magnitude of Empire, constitutes the greatness and the glory of our nation. Now, fallen upon evil days, this house is driven into such straits that, to save itself from imminent ruin, it can no longer maintain this great national art-service: such is the extremity of its need that it must, for the paltry sum of a hundred thousand sovereigns, send into exile this great national possession.

A friend, better informed than ourselves upon such matters, though captious, and we fear somewhat of a cynic, tells us that we are quite wrong as to our facts. He informs us that the picture which Lord Lansdowne is driven to sell cannot properly be regarded as an English art-treasure. The painter, it appears, was a Dutchman, and some unscrupulous Briton must have gone over and "robbed" Holland of her greatest native product, using in all likelihood the same unscrupulous means by which America now seeks to speed the treasure further on its westward course. How it came into the possession of the Shelburnes he does not profess to know, but feels sure that not a tithe of the price now asked was paid for it. To sustain this view our friend plunged into a loose, general disquisition upon picture prices, all with the prospect of dissuading us from becoming one of the "nineteen public-spirited men" invited to contribute five thousand pounds a-piece to save Rembrandt's "Mill" for England. He described the business processes by which "dealers" in London, and their fellow Semites in New York, run up the values of particular lines of pictures, trading on the waves of taste and fancy that affect such wares. Marvellous were the sudden ups and downs of prices that he quoted; as, for example, that the late Mr. Woods bought a Hoppner for twenty-three guineas and a Romney for fifty-one guineas in the open market, and they were sold only five years ago, together, for 10,600 guineas. Much matter of similar purport he detailed to us, even questioning the "firmness" of the American "offer" which has brought about this hubbub in art circles. For even transatlantic multi-millionaires fight shy of six figures, and only in one instance is so large a sum reported to have passed. Moreover, he affirms that Rembrandt's picture was no more "national" in enjoyment than in origin. He once met a man who claimed to have had a sight of it. But, once safely housed in the New York Metropolitan Museum, or even in a private American gallery, it would be accessible to a hundred English visitors (not to count Americans) for every one who can get a glimpse of it at Bowood.

But, surely, much of this is idle and ill-natured chatter. There are other serious aspects of the transaction which cannot be ignored. Mr. Belloc has lately been indulging in what he regards as an exposure of the "unreality" of our political warfare, in which the two front benches conspire against the people in support of privilege and property. Certainly, we have here a crushing refutation of such a charge, a striking example of the reality, one might even say the brutality, of modern party politics, when, in a little more than a year from the passing of Mr. George's predatory Budget, the leader of the Opposition in the Peers is driven to sell his very furniture to meet the extortions of his political enemies.

But another political lesson of even graver import may be drawn from this same pathetic episode. We profess to be a practical people with a high regard for business gifts, and this is a time when, all are agreed, business efficiency of the higher type must be encouraged if we are to keep our place in modern world-progress. Is it, then, safe, one may reasonably ask, at such a time to assail the influence and wealth of noble families, whose hereditary genius shows so much adaptability to the finer business functions as has lately been displayed in several critical examples? For what better criterion of supreme business capacity can be proposed than the ability to deal successfully and promptly in the disposal of the most delicate and fluctuating values known to modern commerce? Were Ruskin still alive to recognise the distinctive and the latest notes of the true aristocracy which he desiderated for England, he would surely have amended the title of his famous work into "A Joy for Ever and its Top Price in the Market." For, as every thoughtful business man is aware, to know the moment when to sell, and how to make a market, is the very essence of commercial wisdom. Consider in this light our living instance. The market for the more expensive lines of old Masters has been worked up in an age of rapidly acquired large fortunes to an unprecedented height. But it needs supreme political

sagacity to recognise that it has reached its top, and that it is time to realise. In a very little time the market will be spoiled. Alike in this country and in America, vindictive Socialism will have gone so far in its levelling work that neither ancient nobles nor modern financiers will feel able to hold vast sums of money locked up in a picture frame. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Roosevelt, with their policy of breaking up great estates and fortunes, will force these art treasures on to the market precipitately, and the very cause which stimulates supply will check demand. There will be many sellers and few buyers of the more costly goods. Our business peers have no illusions. They face the future with the imperturbability that marks their breed—they look ahead and “realise.” The Duke of Norfolk, as was befitting to his rank, gave the lead not long ago with his famous Holbein, “saved” to the nation by £70,000 subscribed to the impoverished owner by a grateful public. Lord Lansdowne follows suit. How should he not? The plain path of descending values lies before him. His fine prophetic eye already reads the handwriting on the slate: “Rembrandts are cheap to-day.”

The wise man takes time by the forelock. But the patriot does not forget his country, even in his hour of need. The bold foreigner shall not triumph if he can help it—at a moderate sacrifice. For, as Mr. Chamberlain has pointed out, England expects every man to make his sacrifice. Lord Lansdowne will let his country keep this glorious possession—aye, and even see it,—for the ridiculously low price of £95,000. It is a sacrifice of five per cent., but he will undergo it. “Dulce et decorum”!

In the age of “sophisters, calculators, and economists” in which we live, there are those with the cold audacity to look this gift horse in the mouth. But they are only pseudo-economists, not comprehending properly even the technique of their dubious craft. Otherwise they would recognise that, by the very application of their doctrine of marginal utility, the higher the price the larger the public gain through Lord Lansdowne’s sacrifice. For it is evident that with every fall in the price asked below £100,000, the utility to the seller of the last thousand pounds increases, so that the real sacrifice involved in foregoing it correspondingly increases. Were Lord Lansdowne, therefore, so ill-advised as to offer to sell his picture at so low a sum as £50,000, the same amount of patriotic sacrifice represented by £5,000 at the higher price of £100,000, would now be represented by no more than, perhaps, £1,000, or less. For the law of increasing cost will operate with great celerity and rigor in such cases. The lower the price, the less the “friendly lead” Lord Lansdowne would be able to offer, leaving out of consideration the probability that any sum less than £95,000 would be “of no use” to him in the predicament which is forcing him to part with so prized a treasure. If the nation really wants this large “bonus,” it must pay up now, for if it pursues a cowardly policy, waiting for the coming slump in Rembrandts, Lord Lansdowne will not be able to afford any such patriotic luxury, but will simply have to sell to the highest bidder for whatever it will fetch. And then we may be left with only our native art-products upon our hands.

“THEY DON’T AGREE WITH NIGGERS.”

No doubt the gods laughed when Macaulay went to India. Among the millions who breathed religion, and whose purpose in life was the contemplation of eternity, a man intruded himself who could not even meditate, and regarded all religion, outside the covers of the Bible, as a museum of superstitious relics. Into the midst of peoples of an immemorial age, which seemed to them as unworthy of reckoning as the beating wings of a parrot’s flight from one temple to the next, there came a man in whose head the dates of European history were arranged in faultless compartments, and to whom the past presented itself as a series of superb Ministerial crises, diversified by oratory and political songs. To Indians the word progress meant the passage of the soul through æons of reincarnation towards a blissful absorp-

tion into the inconceivable void of indistinctive existence, as when at last a jar is broken and the space inside it returns to space. In Macaulay the word progress called up a bustling picture of mechanical inventions, an increasing output of manufactured goods, a larger demand for improving literature, and a growth of political clubs to promulgate the blessings of Reform. The Indian supposed success in life to lie in patiently following the labor and the observances of his fathers before him, dwelling in the same simple home, suppressing all earthly desire, and saving a little off the daily rice or the annual barter in the hope that, when the last furrow was driven, or the last brazen pot hammered out, there might still be time for the glory of pilgrimage and the sanctification of a holy river. To Macaulay, success in life was the going shop, the growing trade, a seat on the Treasury Bench, the applause of listening Senates, and the eligible residence of deserving age.

Thus equipped, he was instructed by the Reform Government, which he worshipped, to mark out the lines for Indian education upon a basis of the wisdom common to East and West. Though others were dubious, he never hesitated. From childhood he had never ceased to praise “the goodness and the grace” that made the happy English child. As far as in him lay, he would extend that gracious advantage to the teeming populations of India. In spite of accidental differences of color, due to climatic influences, they too should grow as happy English children, lisping of the poet’s mountain lamb, and hearing how Horatius held the bridge in the brave days of old. They should advance to a knowledge of Party history, from the Restoration down to the Reform Bill. The great masters of the progressive pamphlet, such as Milton and Burke, should be placed in their hands. Those who displayed scientific aptitude should be instructed in the miracle of the steam-engine, and economic minds should early acquaint themselves with the mysteries of commerce, upon which, as upon the Bible, the greatness of their conquerors was founded. Under such influence, the soul of India would be elevated from superstitious degradation, factories would supersede laborious handicrafts, artists, learning to paint like young Landseer, would perpetuate the appearance of the Viceregal party on the Calcutta racecourse, and it might be that in the course of years the estimable Whigs of India would return their own majority to a Front Bench in Government House.

It was an enviable vision—enviable in its imperishable self-confidence. It no more occurred to Macaulay to question the benefaction of English education and the supremacy of England’s commerce and Constitution than it occurred to him to question the contemptible inferiority of the race among whom he was living, and for whom he mainly legislated. In his essay on Warren Hastings he wrote:—

“A war of Bengal against Englishmen was like a war of sheep against wolves, of men against demons. . . . Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavorable. . . . All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak are more familiar to this subtle race than to the Ionian of the time of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the Dark Ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengali.”

And yet, impenetrable as Macaulay’s own ignorance of the Indian peoples remained, his Minute of 1835, “to promote English literature and science,” and to decree that “all funds appropriated for education should be employed in English education alone,” has marked in Indian history an era from which the present situation of the country dates.

It is true that the education has not gone far. The Government spends less than twopenny per head upon it, less than a tenth of what it spends on the army. Only ten per cent. of the males in India can write or read; only seven per thousand of the females. But, thanks chiefly to Macaulay’s conviction that if everyone were like himself the world would be happy and glorious, there are now about a million Indians (or one in three hundred) who can to some extent communicate with each other in English as a common tongue, and there are some

thousands who have become acquainted with the history of English liberties, and the writings of a few political thinkers. Together with railways, the new common language has increased the sense of unity; the study of our political thinkers has created the sense of freedom, and the knowledge of our history has shown how stern and prolonged a struggle may be required to win that possession which our thinkers have usually regarded as priceless. "The one great contribution of the West to the Indian Nationalist movement," writes Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with emphasis, "is its theory of political liberty."

It is a contribution of which we may well be proud—we of whom Wordsworth wrote that we must be free or die. Whatever else the failures of unsympathetic self-esteem, Macaulay's spirit could point to this contribution as sufficient counterbalance. From the works of such teachers as Mill, Cobbett, Bagehot, and Morley, the mind of India has for the first time derived the principles of free government. But of all its teachers, we suppose the greatest and most influential has been Burke. Since we wished to encourage the love of freedom and the knowledge of constitutional government, no choice could have been happier than that which placed the writings and speeches of Burke upon the curriculum of the five Indian universities. Fortunately for India, the value of Burke has been eloquently defined by Lord Morley, who has himself contributed more to the future constitutional freedom of India than any other Secretary of State. In one passage in his well-known volume on Burke, he has spoken of his "vigorous grasp of masses of compressed detail, his wide illumination from great principles of human experience, the strong and masculine feeling for the two great political ends of Justice and Freedom, his large and generous interpretation of expediency, the morality, the vision, the noble temper." Writing of Burke's three speeches on the American War, Lord Morley declares:—

"It is no exaggeration to say that they compose the most perfect manual in our literature, or in any literature, for one who approaches the study of public affairs, whether for knowledge or for practice. They are an example without fault of all the qualities which the critic, whether a theorist or an actor, of great political situations should strive by night and day to possess."

For political education, one could hardly go further than that. "The most perfect manual in any literature"—let us remember that decisive praise. Or if it be said that students require style rather than politics, let us recall what Lord Morley has written of Burke's style:—

"A magnificence and elevation of expression place him among the highest masters of literature, in one of its highest and most commanding senses."

But it is frequently asserted that what Indian students require is, not political knowledge, or literary power, but a strengthening of character, an austerity both of language and life, such as might counteract the natural softness, effeminacy, and the tendency to deception which Macaulay and Lord Curzon so freely informed them of. For such strengthening and austerity, on Lord Morley's showing, no teacher could be more serviceable than Burke:—

"The reader is speedily conscious," he writes, "of the precedence in Burke of the facts of morality and conduct, of the many interwoven affinities of human affection and historical relation, over the unreal necessities of mere abstract logic . . . Besides thus diffusing a strong light over the awful tides of human circumstance, Burke has the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things, and in making their lives at once rich and austere."

Here are the considered judgments of a man who, by political experience, by literary power, and the study of conduct, has made himself an unquestioned judge in the affairs of State, in letters, and in morality. As examples of the justice of his eulogy let us quote a few sentences from those very speeches which Lord Morley thus extols—the speeches on the American War of Independence. Speaking on Conciliation with the Colonies in 1775, Burke said:—

"Permit me to observe that the use of force alone is but temporary. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not

remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered. . . . Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory."

Speaking of the resistance of a subject race to the predominant power, Burke ironically suggested:—

"Perhaps a more smooth and accommodating spirit of freedom in them would be more acceptable to us. Perhaps ideas of liberty might be desired more reconcilable with an arbitrary and boundless authority. Perhaps we might wish the colonists to be persuaded that their liberty is more secure when held in trust for them by us (as their guardians during a perpetual minority) than with any part of it in their own hands."

And, finally, speaking of self-taxation as the very basis of all our liberties, Burke exclaimed:—

"They (British statesmen) took infinite pains to inculcate as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist."

It was the second of these noble passages that the present writer once heard declaimed on a sea-beach to an Indian crowd by an Indian speaker, who, following the Secretary of State's precepts, had made Burke's speeches his study by day and night. That phrase describing the ruling Power as the guardians of a subject race during a perpetual minority has stuck in the writer's mind, and it recurred to him this week when he read that Burke's writings and speeches had been removed from the University curriculum in India. Carlyle's "Heroes" and Cowper's Letters have been substituted—excellent books, the one giving the Indians in rather portentous language very dubious information about Odin, Luther, Rousseau, and other conspicuous people; the other telling them, with a slightly self-conscious simplicity, about a melancholy invalid's neckcloths, hares, dog, and health. Such subjects are all very well, but where in them do we find the magnificence and elevation of expression, the sacred gift of inspiring men to make their lives at once rich and austere, and the other high qualities that Lord Morley found in "the most perfect manual in any literature"? Reflecting on this new decision of the Indian University Council, or whoever has taken on himself to cut Burke out of the curriculum, some of us may find two passages coming into the memory. One is a comment by Lord Morley himself, now acting again as Secretary of State for India, when, writing of the situation that called forth these very speeches of Burke's, he said, "To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we were obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself." The other is Biglow's familiar verse, beginning, "I du believe in Freedom's cause, Ez fur away ez Payris is," and ending:—

"It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers."

ON SACRED DANCES.

THE following lines are an almost literal rendering of a little bit of folk-song from French Flanders. They were sung to the accompaniment of peculiar ceremonies at the funeral of a young girl.

"Up in heaven they dance to-day,
Alleluia,
The young maidens dance and play,
They sing as they dancing go,
Benedicamus Domino,
Alleluia, Alleluia.

"'Tis for Rosalie they sing,
Alleluia,
She has done with sorrowing,
So we dance, and we sing so,
Benedicamus Domino,
Alleluia, Alleluia."

This was called "La Danse des Jeunes Vierges." So late as 1840, a traveller heard it sung by the lace-makers of Bailleul. He wrote:—

"La cérémonie religieuse terminée, et le cercueil descendu en terre, toutes les jeunes filles, tenant d'une main le drap mortuaire, retournerent à l'église, chantant la Danse des Jeunes

Vierges, avec une verve, un élan, et un accent rythmique, dont on peut se faire difficilement un idée, quand on ne l'a pas entendu."

"Alleluia" is, of course, the song of home-coming. "Alleluare" is Dante's beautiful verb. He speaks of the Blessed at the Resurrection,

"La rivestita voce alleluando." (Purg. xxx., 15.)

The point, however, we wish to notice in this fragment of folk-song is the preservation of the ancient expression of religious joy by the image of a dance. There is no idea of motion allied to the endless music of the present conventional heaven. The popular hymns speak of it as a banquet, a feast, as anything you like, but never as a dance. But yet what simile for blessedness can be compared with that of joyful motion? It is only since the sixteenth-century break with the inherited religious experience of mankind that the dance has been looked upon as profane, and unfitted to be the expression of worship and sacred joy. For instance, let us take Dante. A commentator describes the "dance" "as the rhythmic movement which Dante attributes to the Blessed as the index of their felicity." The reader will remember how, after the poet had been plunged into the water of Lethe to the strains of the "Asperges me," his Lady introduced him into the earthly Paradise

"Dentro alla danza delle quattro belle." (Purg. xxx., 103.)

—her four handmaidens, who here were nymphs and stars in heaven. Again, the spirits whom he heard chanting the heavenly Sanctus, while they sang

"Mossero a sua danza,

E, quasi velocissime faville

Mi si velar di subita distanza." (Par. vii., 7.)

Once more, he describes the "carols" woven by the heavenly dancers. They danced in such various measure that some seemed to stand still and some to fly (Par. xxiv.). The word "carol," which Dante uses repeatedly, means, of course, a singing dance. Even in the restricted sense in which we now use the word, a carol is the purest expression of religious mirth and blitheness. In the Middle Ages, the angels of Christmas, for instance, as we may see in Fra Angelico's or Botticelli's pictures, not only sang, but danced. This came down from all tradition, Pagan, Christian, Jewish, and seemed to be, as indeed it is, the most natural thing in the world. To show that this dancing of Fra Angelico's blessed souls or Dante's angels was no mere private fancy of their own, one need only mention the Preface of a Syrian liturgy, where the "dances of the Virtues" are introduced as a matter of course among the songs of the angels and all those other adorations of the Heavenly Host of which the Prefaces of all liturgies speak. The ancient world knew little of music apart from joyful, rhythmic motion, and did not banish the latter from its sacred solemnities. We have travelled so far away from this age-long religious sense of the whole race that we now smile at the tradition, supported by an apocryphal gospel, that our Lord and His disciples joined hands and danced in a ring at the Last Supper. To the Early Christians and to the whole ancient world there would have been nothing incongruous or profane in the thought. By those who first heard the story of the Prodigal Son, the "joy in the presence of the Angels" over the return of the penitent would, no doubt, be thought of as of a piece with the "music and dancing" that welcomed his return on earth. It is hardly necessary to refer to the Psalms. "Let them praise His name in the dance; let them sing praises unto Him with tabret and harp," and again, "Praise Him with the cymbals and dances; praise Him upon the strings and pipe" (Ps. cxlix.-3 and cl.-4). David himself, girded with a linen ephod, "danced before the Lord with all his might, leaping and dancing before the Ark" (II. Sam. 6). "How glorious was the King of Israel this day," said the scornful Michal, who had watched him from her window. He answered that the Lord had made him ruler over His people; "therefore will I play before the Lord." David, the dancer and singer and harper, was the "Joculator Domini." This dance of his was a true

carol—Dante's "carola." It is pleasant to think that even the carols which we know to-day, all, so to speak, spring from and belong to Bethlehem, David's town, where David was. To large sections of our own people "psalm-singing"—"psalm-smiting," we believe, is the opprobrious phrase—has come to be looked upon as a synonym for long-faced melancholy. But the Psalms are not tame. In a great Psalm of David there are trumpets and tambourines; "stellæ et lumen," there are stars and light; there are dark storm-clouds, "nix et grando," in the sullen masses of their angry blue. Long before David, we hear of a triumphant night, when "Miriam took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances" (Ex. xv.-20). "To play before the Lord"—how natural the idea must have seemed to simple-hearted, primitive religious people. In a strenuous, irreligious age, there is no place for the "jongleur de Dieu."

A few precious remnants of the old-world sacred merriment still exist in remote parts of Europe, but they are few and far between. The Spanish writer, Fernan Caballero, in one of her books describes a dance of children, in which, at every pause, they click the castanets before the image of the Divine Child with a devout exclamation. The dance of the Seises, also with castanets, is still performed on Christmas Day and Corpus Christi by the chorister boys before the High Altar of the Cathedral of Seville. The boys are dressed as pages of the time of Philip II. The above-named writer describes it as the most thrilling and touching sight it is possible to imagine. Let us hope that no reforming Pope, or rigid official clique, will ever sweep it away. If we are not mistaken, several attempts to do so have been made. The most ultra-montane Clericals often appear to desire to puritanise and rationalise the great tradition into a religion of conventional propriety. A dancing procession takes place every year near Grenoble to commemorate the simultaneous recovery of all the invalids in the town during a procession in the sixteenth century. One sees the scene; the arrival of the joyful news, the benign and portly father clapping his hands, and saying: "Qu'on danse," the sudden striking up of flutes and fiddles, and the spontaneous outburst into joyful agitation. In the sixteenth century this would still seem a carrying-out of the apostle's advice: "Is any man merry? let him sing psalms."

As in Dante's heaven, so in the world we know, "rhythmic motion" is always the expression of joy. One must not talk of the flight of birds; indeed, one cannot do so. One is dumb before a swallow's flight; but is there anything in the world that gives a sensation of ecstasy like it? Or what shall we say of the fluttering of a red admiral butterfly over a clump of flowering autumn daisies, that sways and rustles in a silken west wind? Dante's image of the liberated soul, or, one should rather say, of the glorified human being, is the "angelica farfalla." Again, who has not watched the dance of the snowflakes, of upward flying sparks, of thistledown, of straws in gusty weather? The dancing of flowers is, in its way, as beautiful as the flight of birds. All that can be said has been said of this by Wordsworth in the poem of the daffodils. With some measure of his feeling, we saw recently an acre of snowdrops growing in green grass, every tiny bell a-quiver in the March wind. "They're very marvellous," said a little meek-faced man, "and very pretty." The poet and the writer and the little meek-faced man all felt in their degree the same emotion. One may very reasonably think the beautiful ancient myth of the moving, singing spheres to be true. The whole universe would thus perform a carol. This may be religiously thought of as the repetition of a sacred dance, of which the convolutions are reflected in the strange and graceful forms of creatures—the owl, the tortoise, the squirrel, the swan, the deer, the peacock, the giraffe—the color and expanse of skies and seas, the motion and the calm of wind and air, the rhythmic flight of birds and beat of waves, all the dancing play of the Divine Wisdom, "ludens coram Eo," now

kissing a hand, now tossing a flower, making the movements that are caught by falling water and by leaping flame, by sea-gull, and by butterfly and swallow, "per singulos dies" with changing shapes of beauty day by day, in a dance of infinite variations through unnumbered years.

Short Studies.

THE HOUSE WITH THE VERANDAH.

To and fro between the new houses raced the swifts. They flew just above the level of men's hats, except when they turned with a rapier-like twist up into the air. While they raced they screamed continually, shrill screams of a fierce hilarity. There were half-a-hundred of them, all flying as upon the surface of an invisible stream surmounted by a few black, bobbing hats, or, very rarely, an upturned white face; and no part of the streets was for more than a second without a crescent black wing and a shriek. They had taken possession of the town. Under their rush and cry the people in the streets were silent, walking blankly, straight ahead, and all looking old in contrast with the tumultuous and violent youth of the birds. The thought came into my head as I was passing the last of the houses that even so must the birds have been racing and screaming when the Danes harried this way a thousand years ago, and thus went they over the head of Dante in the streets of Florence. In the warriors and in the poet there was a life clearly and mightily akin to that in the bird's throat and wing, but here all was grey, all was dead.

When I came to the bridge leading over the railway to the meadows, I stood and watched the birds flying beneath me, above the slowly curving metals; for I could not tire of the wings and voices that ripped the dead air, and I crossed to the other parapet to see how far they went in the opposite direction. Then, for the first time, I noticed a house built almost at the edge of the bank which fell steeply down to the railway. Only the cutting separated it from the town, and, beyond it, could be seen nothing but trees lining the road and fields on either side as far as the woods of the horizon. It was the last house of the town, and one of the newest. Not being in a street, it needed not to be exactly like the rest, square, pierced with oblong windows on two sides, and blank on the other two; but so it was, except that its lower windows looked across the railway between the thin white posts of a verandah. A strip of garden, not more than equal to the house in area, surrounded it, and this was enclosed by rusty iron railings upon all sides. Every window was shut, and the light and air blocked out by Venetian blinds painted grey. The white paint of the window-frames and the verandah was dirty, but the red bricks of the walls were still harshly new and untouched by vegetation or any stain. The garden had never been cultivated: it was given over to long grasses of the unhealthy rankness peculiar to soil which is composed of builders' refuse, and the stalks were matted and beaten down so as to suggest the soaked hair of something dead. The door and gate were shut. The verandah and the white paint gave the building a pretentious air of being a pleasure house; yet it looked over the railway at the back parts of the town, at the railway station on one hand, at the cemetery and a tall chimney on the other. It had apparently not been occupied, or for a little time only, and was now empty; or it had been used for a month at a time by, perhaps, half-a-dozen families; certainly it had never become a home; it was the corpse, the newly born corpse, of a house.

Beyond this, between the two lines of elms and on either side of them, was the open country. The road was old, too, worn down like a river-bed into the sandy soil, and the elms above either side made it dark as it rose towards the north. I had not gone many yards along it when I came to a place where the bank had been excavated long ago. There was a smooth sandy floor, and behind that a firm wall of orange sand, inter-

laced by the stony and snake-like roots of a great oak, which towered up from the top of the wall; and beyond the trunk the sun was a scarlet disc in a dull sky at the moment of going down. It was dark and still in this hollowed place, and I had looked at it for some time before I heard the crying of a child, and saw three children playing. Under the oak they had dug a cave in the sand, and a black-haired boy and a fair-haired girl were carrying away little spadefulls of sand, while the third sat still among the roots. The two workers went silently backwards and forwards. They moved gravely and without a word, and I might have thought each was unaware of the other, had they not made way for one another in their comings and goings. They worked as if they were in a dream and being moved by some unseen power. Their faces also were fixed and expressionless; their wide-open eyes seemed to be upon something which travelled always before them and was invisible to me. They were, perhaps, seven years old. The other was not more than three, and he took no notice of the others as he sat, his face smeared with tears and sand, and a paper bag on his lap. Now and then he burst out with a feeble sobbing cry, just as suddenly and not more loudly than the robin singing above his head. When he did this, the little girl went up to him and shook him gently, and took a cherry from the paper bag and put it into his mouth. At this he became silent again for a little, holding the cherry-stone in one hand and with the other rubbing his eyes. When this cure had been tried several times and the scarlet sun had gone down out of the dull heavens, the child began to cry more steadily, and it was in vain that a cherry was put into his mouth; for he held it a little while between his lips and did not notice when it fell out, but sobbed on and on as if he saw nothing, heard nothing, thought nothing, felt nothing, but only sobbed.

I asked the little girl: "What is the matter with him?"

"He wants his mother," she said.

"Where does she live?" I asked, as I stepped towards the child, meaning to lift him up.

"Over there," she replied, pointing with her eyes to the house of the verandah.

"Then why doesn't he go home?" I said, stopping still and thinking again chiefly of the house.

"His father is dead," said the little girl and the little boy simultaneously. Then they went on with their digging while I turned and saw the house looking as if it had grown suddenly old in those few moments—old and haggard and so cold that I shivered to think how cold it must be in the death-room behind the Venetian blinds. The silence of house and road was like a sea suddenly expanding infinitely about me. As I turned away, the child's sob, the song of the robin, the scream of the swifts, fell into that dark silence without breaking it, like tears into a deep sea.

EDWARD THOMAS.

The Drama.

ON DOLLS' HOUSES.

"Il faut le broyer, le pétrir"—"It must be crushed and kneaded"—poor Anna Karenina thinks she hears the little *muji* say in the dream which is the foretaste of the obliteration of her wasted life. "Il faut le broyer, le pétrir," one can imagine Ibsen saying as he wrote "A Doll's House." Those complacent households at which he aimed, with Torvald Helmers as their ruling Chancellors, look ridiculous enough to-day; but how much criticism of them existed when the cold, derisive wave from Scandinavia first poured over their sanctities? The effect, indeed, was of ice-water spilt on hot iron; those of us who were young journalists in the late 'eighties will never forget the ensuing sizzling and bubbling. Part of the effect was doubtless due to the engaging freshness of youthful charm with which Janet Achurch, the Nora of the performance at the Novelty in 1889, first seduced us into the belief that we were about to enter an exquisite interior of the period (taking off our shoes as we trod the holy ground), and then, with

equal dexterity and ruthlessness, unroofed and gutted it for our edification. For the moment, indeed, nothing sensational happened. There was no general banging of hall doors in Brixton and West Kensington. But just as a dozen stage conventions were sent packing when our more intelligent playwrights realised the presence of a great master of the craft, so a fresh criticism of life in the married relation was set up, and has never been silenced again. Since "A Doll's House" was first played in London, we have had the woman's movement, the new theatre, the Shaw-Barker play, the Divorce Commission; and from those events again must arise the adjustments and modifications in family and State that the children of those years have demanded or will demand. Who shall say what share of these events has been due to the scornful sermon addressed to the husbands and wives of thirty years ago?

Not that the play was revolutionary, any more than "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is revolutionary. It was a mere plea for rights; and if it set the bells tinkling furiously in some hundreds of dolls' houses, that jangled music has long ago settled to a soberer tune. Nora's claim to a human life may now be admitted in cases where the wife has the spirit to require it, and, where it is denied, the repairing and reforming forces in society will one day find a way. Thus far, then, the "problem" of "A Doll's House" is on the way to solution, and the play has an almost antiquarian interest. Janet Achurch, with her lovely childish face, shading to a deep seriousness as the famous duel with Helmer begins, can never play it again. But we can always admire its splendid workmanship, its use of the old dramatic devices—the forged deed, the revealing and dreaded letter, the repentant villain—and wonder at the sudden masterly twist administered to them all, as the conventional machinery falls with a crash when it has served its turn, and gives place to the naked play of character with circumstance it was all along designed to introduce. Princess Bariatinsky, in the very interesting revival at the Court Theatre, gives this later encounter a grim and stark bitterness which Miss Achurch's youthful beauty could hardly yield, and Mr. Webster's Torvald struck me as an admirably pointed piece of satire.

But for the moment it is worth while tracing the re-setting of the "Doll's House" motive in so recent a dramatic harmony as Mr. Granville Barker's "The Madras House."* Here again, a subtle, restless, inquiring critic of society, with a shining talent for the writing of drama, poses the problem of the "true marriage"—the union of comradeship, which, as young Mrs. Madras says, can make the woman "occasionally" forget that she is "a female." The "Madras House," like "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," and "Arms and the Man," and "Getting Married," is fruit of the tree Ibsen planted—the process of reform in morals and self-examination in literature which one masterpiece of candor and just statement set on foot. Neither Mr. Shaw nor Mr. Barker, however, possesses Ibsen's calm, broad approach to the sex question. Both of them treat it as an exasperating intrusion on the business of life; both seem to have the Christian Father's view of woman as the Devil, whose later path is strewn with the bones of once-promising County Councillors. But both are penetrated with the truth which the greatest of moderns has expressed more forcibly than they, that in proportion as men deny women the rights due to human beings, they must be fined for their extravagance, tortured by their sexuality, and worried by their caprice. Mr. Barker works out this thesis on the familiar ground of a great drapery establishment, arranged on the living-in system. The "system" is a discount on marriage, and therefore necessarily a premium on irregular unions. But Mr. Barker has chosen his subject mainly because he seems to regard the whole trade in fashionable woman's dress as a prime example of the dehumanising of women, a factory for the production of innumerable Noras, and the furnishing of streets of dolls' houses. Women's dress in Western society is, in this view, all an allurements. The *mannequin* is a body used and

abused for the display of provoking attire. So horrible is this perversion that a super-sensualist like Constantine Madras—the original master-builder of "The Madras House"—finds it necessary for his peace of mind to turn Mohammedan, and found a harem on the banks of the Tigris, by way of protest against the disturbing sensuality of the Christian world. And Philip Madras, the younger—the ascetic and fastidious soul—must needs get out of the business, and even turn, with a touch of repulsion, from his pretty, delicate, finely-mannered wife, and ask whether all her elegance is not bought too dear—is not, like Nora's relation to Dr. Rank, a half-meant seduction to her male friends, the negative pole to the positive vice of the avowedly "bad woman." "Rags," he says, "pay for finery, and ugliness for beauty, and sin pays for virtue." In that view "virtue" may be essentially worthless, and every kind of conventionally good woman, admired woman, æsthetically sensitive and accomplished woman, with her head and nerves full of Symphony Concerts and pleasing color harmonies, becomes a mere sign-post to the primrose path.

Thus speaks, and always has spoken, the ascetic moralist, but it is curious to mark how much less decisive the note and less dramatic the form in which these reflections are cast than Ibsen chose in "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts." Mr. Shaw, for example, prefaces his "Getting Married" with a fairly dogmatic assault on modern marriage. But his play is not dogmatic at all. It is just a *causerie*, opened, with great skill and keen ironic intention, by a distinguished member of the class of writers who are less artists than "semeurs des idées," and conducted among philosophic couples, who, on the road to matrimony or from it, weigh, like some exquisite chemical balance, niceties of spiritual matter that average eyes fail to distinguish. Nor is Mr. Barker much more conclusive. Ibsen made an enormous advance when he freed the men and women of the stage for action flowing vitally from their characters, from the endless attrition of the life-stream on the little bit of personality that for the moment stays its tremendous flow. But our newer realists and dramatic thinkers almost forget the onward movement of life and the necessity of illustrating it through the art which, in the higher or the lower sense, must concern itself with action. Caught in a time-eddy, they make their characters whirl round and round it, true to the sensibilities which attract them, but with no capacity for progress. In "The Madras House" a good number of the personages play a slight and barely relevant part in the evolution of its central idea, which is pursued indeed, but with a philosophic discursiveness which impedes a swiftly converging and steadily intensified series of actions. You see their place in the general picture of life, but hardly in the business of the hour. Are we to say, in face of such interesting experiments as "Getting Married" and "The Madras House," that the earlier and bolder technique of "A Doll's House" is already superseded? I doubt it; I like a banged door, an issue. We are not yet in eternity; and if our intellectual dramatists begin talking as if they were, we shall have a less vigorous attack on the play where all is senseless commotion without and soulless death within.

H. W. M.

Present-Day Problems.

JUDGES AS LAW-MAKERS.

THE Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Fisher, in opening the electoral campaign in that country which is to put to the decision the question of important constitutional changes, pointed out that the power of veto possessed by the High Court of Justice made the changes imperative if democratic government were to continue. The experience of Australia in this regard is worthy of close study in Great Britain, for it is the wish of some, the

* "The Madras House." A Comedy in Four Acts. By Granville Barker. Sidgwick & Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.

opinion of others, that out of the controversy regarding the powers of the two Houses of Parliament, there will issue a written constitution defining respective ambits of authority for the two Houses, and appointing a Court of Justice as interpreter and guardian of the arrangement.

There should be no delay on the part of those who believe that the people should govern themselves, in preparing to resist any such proposal to the last. It would establish a Third House of Parliament, completely isolated from contact with public opinion. It is right that Judges should be thus isolated when it is their task to administer the laws. Then, the more complete their detachment, the more serene the atmosphere in which they view the causes before them, the better their service to the public. But the position is entirely changed when to Judges is entrusted the power of making or of vetoing laws—and any judicial body with functions of interpreting a constitution must assume that power. Then everything which was good in the Judge doing his proper work as a Judge becomes in proportion evil as he undertakes the work of a politician—his detachment from popular feeling, the security of his unchallengeable and permanent position.

The evil consequences to popular rule owing to the existence of the Third House in the United States are familiar matters of fact; there "government by injunction" and the frequent veto of the legislation of Congress by the Supreme Court have created a position which has sometimes threatened revolution. But the warning of that experience is, after all, remote. The people of the United States are our kinsfolk certainly, but in many respects have so far departed from our ideas of government as to make legislative comparisons of little use. The experience of Australia is, however, a home lesson. There the most British of democracies and the most democratic of British communities is engaged in working out the problems of human government with a conservative faith in English traditions, allied with a firm intention to make the political system serve the liberties and the happiness of the people. The results of Australian experiments are thus often useful subjects of study for British voters.

In framing a Federal Constitution, the people of Australia found it advisable to have some means of keeping the constitution intact, except for legally-effected alterations, and of settling disputes between the two Houses of Parliament, and they entrusted those duties to a High Court of Justice. It was far from their thoughts to give to this body any legislative power or function of general veto. The High Court was merely to have a harmless judicial function, and to bring to disputes, when they arose, the soothing balm of a detached wisdom. In practical working the High Court has become a powerful Third House of the Legislature, repeatedly crushing with its veto the expressed wish of the other two Houses. Instead of soothing difficulties it has caused a constant bitterness of dispute. The political leanings of its members are freely canvassed in the Press and from the platform. It is in some quarters openly stated that three of its members are "reactionaries" and two are "democrats," and the suggestion has been actually made that a democratic government should overcome its veto by appointing two additional Judges of more advanced views.

The veto record of the Australian High Court may be summarised for the benefit of any British democrats who consider that a Bench with the power of veto over legislation, or of arbitration in legislative disputes, is a desirable feature of a constitutional rearrangement.

THE CLANCY CASE.—Before Federation the State of New South Wales passed an Industrial Arbitration Act to settle peacefully labor disputes. In the Clancy case the N.S.W. Arbitration Court (making an award to settle disputes in the butchery trade) decreed that butchers' shops must close at certain hours. The High Court ruled that the hour of closing shops was not an "industrial matter," nullified the award as *ultra vires*, and practically killed the N.S.W. Arbitration Act in so far as it affected shop employees.

THE "COMMON RULE" CASE.—A provision of the N.S.W. Arbitration Act was designed to allow friendly methods to be adopted in settling the conditions of an industry. It was possible, without the necessity of a strike, for employees or employers to appeal to the Court and have a "common rule" made for the carrying on of an industry. The High Court ruled that that was illegal. There must be a dispute before there could be an award. Fighting must precede peace. The same ruling was reaffirmed later in a colliery case.

"PREFERENCE TO UNIONISTS."—Another provision of the N.S.W. Arbitration Act was that the Court might decree that preference of employment should be given to members of a Trade Union in a particular industry, the idea being that thus the men would be persuaded to join the Unions and become contributors to funds which were guarantees of peace, since they could be sequestered if a Union went on strike instead of appealing to the Arbitration Court. The High Court, by a decision in June, 1905 (*in re Trolly, Draymen, and Carters' Union*), practically killed this provision, ruling to be *ultra vires* an order of the Arbitration Court embodying the only practical way of enforcing it.

THE CROCKETT CASE.—The N.S.W. Arbitration Act provided for fines for breaches of the Arbitration law, and in case of non-payment the offender might be attached. The High Court ruled that such attachment was *ultra vires*. In effect it was ruled that the Arbitration Court had power to inflict fines, but not power to collect them.

FEDERAL ARBITRATION ACT.—The Federal Parliament had passed an Industrial Arbitration Act which was made applicable to the employees of the State Railways. The High Court ruled that this was unconstitutional, and destroyed that part of the Act, though it had been affirmed twice by Parliament, and a General Election, fought mainly on that issue, had intervened between the two affirmations.

All these decisions were arrived at in 1907, when the High Court consisted of three judges. They were all, it will be observed, hostile to social reform legislation. They left two great Acts of Parliament, one of the State of New South Wales, one of the Federation, in a state of wreckage. In 1908 the High Court was strengthened by two additional judges, one of whom had been Attorney-General in a Labor ministry, the other a strong supporter of the Labor Party. That there was any political color in these appointments was, of course, denied. But at least the significance of the coincidence is worthy of note. Since then, when the High Court has destroyed a piece of "Labor" legislation, the decision has been always by three votes to two.

THE NEW PROTECTION.—Following closely on the strengthening of the Court came the decision by three votes to two nullifying the decision of the Australian Parliament in regard to what is known as the "New Protection." It is the firm intention of the Australian people to see that the Protection which comes from a tariff shall benefit not solely the manufacturer but also the worker. For this purpose the last Tariff Act provided that on certain manufactured goods the Customs duty at the ports should be, say, 15 per cent., and the Excise duty at the local factory should be the same; but on a certificate from a Wages Board, a Court of Arbitration, or from the Home Office, that fair wages and conditions ruled in the factory, the Excise duty should be remitted. Thus the manufacturer got Protection if he gave his employees the benefit of it; but not otherwise. The High Court ruled all this ingenious arrangement "unconstitutional," though it had the support of nine-tenths of the people of Australia as expressed through their Parliamentary representatives.

THE UNION LABEL.—In pursuance of its policy of giving the worker a "fair deal," the Parliament of Australia enacted in a Trade Marks Act that a Trade Union might register as a trade mark a label, and issue this label to employers following Union conditions in their shops. Thus the public, in purchasing clothes, furniture, &c., would be given the means of distinguishing between goods possibly manufactured under "sweating" conditions and those manufactured under Trade

Union conditions. The High Court nullified this on the ground that it was "unconstitutional."

Other instances might be cited of the veto of the Third House, a veto against which there is no appeal to the constituencies or to the Crown. Sufficient have been given to suggest to the democracy of the United Kingdom the folly of allowing any step at all towards investing judges with legislative power. It is well to keep in mind that the original intention in Australia was to give the judges constitutional interpretative power only. The veto has grown out of that power. The attitude of the High Court in Australia towards so many democratic measures has raised the question, "Is Federation to be frustrated?" Already there are vague threats that any attempt of the Federation to deal with the question of land monopoly will be met with the veto of the Third House and declared "unconstitutional." (One particular party seems to have gained a confidence in the Third House as its ally in blocking progress.) The Labor ministry, therefore, now proposes a drastic constitutional revision, defining with clearness the will of the people on the issues already raised. But it will not finally settle the essential difficulty, which is that the Third House has the power to veto, on some legal technicality, Acts of the people's representatives and senators. The points now in dispute settled, others will surely arise and demand again a troublesome and vexatious definition of constitutional points by Act of Parliament and general Referendum. The alternative of "packing" the High Court with avowedly partisan judges, who will agree with the current popular wishes, is hardly thinkable in a British community. The other alternative, which is already foreshadowed, is, practically, the abolition of the High Court's power of review of Federal legislation. That plan, in its turn, raises difficulties as to constitutional interpretation, to discuss which there is not space here. Australian experience is a clear warning against the adoption by any country with democratic ideals of the system of giving a Bench of Judges legislative power.

FRANK FOX.

Letters to the Editor.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Having read Miss Llewelyn Davies's eloquent letter in last week's *NATION*, I should like to say how some aspects of this question have struck me.

That which fills the Liberal-minded layman's heart with indignation is that this recent pronouncement of the Church, regarding Divorce, is directed primarily against the working classes. Only the poor are hindered by the resolution opposing the "attempt to increase the facilities for divorce by the multiplication of courts possessed of divorce jurisdiction." To the reasonable and educated mind, what the Church thinks or does not think is becoming of less and less consequence, except in so far as it impedes progress. But there is still a large proportion of mankind to whom it speaks with authority, there is still the individual who believes that if you displease the Church you displease God. Its recent resolution, therefore, will cause confusion and bewilderment in many hearts. On the one side, a feeling that it ought not to be disobeyed, combating, on the other, a dawning reason, which is once more to be brought into conflict with ignorance and superstition. But the Church welcomes ignorance as a stand-by. Indeed, by its judgments it imposes it.

Its view of woman is frankly materialistic and Mahometan (we conclude that the Archdeacon quoted by Miss Davies spoke with authority). She is the chattel of man, and man himself a polygamous animal. Let us say that such a state of things does exist, and that amongst some people this is tacitly accepted as inevitable. Is there to be no effort to remedy it, no attempt at enlightenment? The Church is firmly materialistic. It holds out no ideal—no hope of better things—far from extending a helping hand, it puts down a crushing one. It is difficult to believe

that morality to the Church exists in appearance only; that a totally loveless marriage can be productive of good and that separation orders (which must inevitably lead to immorality) can be less of a danger than divorce. Yet so the Church says it believes. They are concerned only with the outward and visible, as Miss Davies puts it. The only excuse that can be made for the Church's reactionary attitude of mind is, that it does not know that its apparent inhumanity is a result of ignorance. It is not in touch with reality. It does not enter into the lives of working people, it knows them only in their Sunday garb. This is typified by an anecdote repeated to me at first hand. A parishioner spoke to his vicar about a working man living in his parish, saying that he was a terrible drunkard, and could nothing be done for him? The vicar replied, "He comes regularly to church on Sunday."

Regarding the inequality of the Divorce Laws for men and women, I grant that man's nature is different to woman's. But how does the law set about dealing with this question? How can it help the man if it does not protect the woman? For him, the man, it removes all barriers, all checks to his desires, wanton, brutal, or otherwise. He is allowed full play for his instincts, suffering no restraint from the force of public opinion, or penalty from the law. If he is married the woman does not gainsay him. But the more she acquiesces in this state of things, the more she suffers in silence, the more she takes it all as a matter of course (ordained by the Almighty, as the Church would have it) that men should brutalise themselves and others, the greater will be the man's degradation. Only by safe-guarding the woman can you safeguard the man; only by giving the woman some redress and consequently self-respect, do you also give the man self-respect and protect him from himself. To the average working man the law undoubtedly inspires awe. A woman said to me about her parents, in reference to their unhappy relations, "Father has never touched her. He has never laid hands on her. He knows the law. If he did she might get a divorce." When will the day arrive when we shall recognise that a moral hurt is a greater evil than physical violence?

The fear that, if divorce is more easily obtainable, the whole of the working classes will rush into it, is quite unreasonable. Anyone who knows anything of economic conditions could see how difficult it would be for the woman to support herself and her children on the wage she could earn apart from her husband. This must unfortunately be so, and only under very great stress and provocation would she ask for divorce. But let the woman be given the power to demand it. Let her feel that she has the moral support of public opinion, and the actual support of the law behind her, and she will become a responsible being, not wearing a martyr's crown, as the Church would prefer to see her, but with a real and active power for good. The man's attitude towards her would insensibly change into one of respect and comradeship, and by this means he would gain respect for himself.—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHEA PONSONBY.

Shulbrede Priory, Sussex,
March 8th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Miss Margaret Llewelyn Davies's arguments and proposals are open to serious criticism.

She says that woman's "right to her own person" is a fundamental principle. She then says that economic pressure forces women to forego this right in marrying. If all the truth is here, then the remedy is to make them economically independent (if this is possible), whereupon, according to the assumption, none of them would marry at all. This is obviously false, the truth being that, in marrying, they obey natural impulses just as men do. All marriage systems are gratuitous concessions by men to women, whose economic inferiority is thus recognised and provided for. This provision is made under a contract which, like all other contracts, imposes limitations on the parties to it. If, then, as Miss Davies claims, woman's "full freedom" is of paramount importance, there should be no contract at all. And how about man's full freedom? Does he sacrifice nothing when he marries?

The assertion that the sacredness of family life cannot

be maintained at the expense of the degradation of women sounds very well, but it would apply just as appropriately if used by the Mormons in defence of polygamy, for they could just as plausibly say that to allow only one wife to every man where women outnumber men, is to build up family life on the degradation of unmarried women—a much worse thing than that to which Miss Davies refers.

Her conclusions are not logical. If it is an outrage on women to force them to cohabit with men for whom they feel physical repulsion, one would have thought that immediate relief would be the only remedy. But this is not advocated. The lady must serve a probationary period in order to render her protest "persistent," and only then does she get her release.

As to her definite proposals, she leaves out a very interesting factor, and that is—who pays for all this feminine licence to change undesirable partners? One is left to guess, but the position under the revised marriage contract is presumably this—that in taking a partner, a man is bound to support her for life. That detail being definitely fixed, it is left optional for the lady to regard the bestowal of her person as a loan terminable at her wish. If she wishes to call in the loan she may do so, and her ex-husband must set her up independently. If he marries again, he is saddled with two life-pensioners, the second of which may at any time discover that she is being "outraged." In that event, a second independent establishment is set going. By that time it is to be hoped that the gentleman in question will discover that he is not a "marrying man," and, what is more to the point, that a numerous company of onlooking bachelors will come to a similar conclusion regarding themselves without waiting for any practical experience.

Miss Davies says that where her proposed reforms are now operative, they work well. Very probably, from her point of view. It is no doubt a great advantage to have the freedom to go in for a wholesale sampling of husbands until THE one is discovered—and at their expense all the time.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR BRENTON.

20, Rectory Road, Barnes, S.W.,

March 7th, 1911.

THE LABOR PARTY AND BUREAUCRACY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have not yet read "The New Social Democracy" by Mr. J. H. Harley, but your excellent article on it raises a number of interesting points.

Quite apart from economic theory, the trend of modern industry would seem to be toward some form of practical collectivism. On the railways, for instance, agreements and amalgamations are superseding competition, and whatever the possible dangers to employees from a bureaucratic form of public ownership, they appear to be less than the evils that threaten railway servants, traders, and the nation from a practically unfettered monopoly in private hands. It is urged that State employees would be deprived of the use of Trade Union weapons in seeking redress of grievances, and the French Railway Strike is cited. The French strike failed, not because some of the lines were State property, but because M. Briand, illegally as I think, called to his aid the baneful power of conscription; a power that could be employed with equal hurt against private and public employees. Mr. Harley's argument is also countered by the fact that the French Railway incident hastened M. Briand's downfall, and has led to what promises to be a more progressive régime. A few such Pyrrhic victories would probably exert a chastening influence even upon despots.

It is suggested that workers will be disillusioned by practical experiments in collectivism, because they will not effectively control their working conditions, will be subject to bureaucratic officialism, and will be unable to strike. No one will deny that these industrial changes will create difficulties at every stage. Sometimes the collectivist machinery will be controlled by men who have scant sympathy with the idea of social service and industrial betterment. But when every shortcoming is admitted, the conditions of public service, especially under our own municipalities, are, on the whole, distinctly better than those of private employment, and workmen having experience of the

former would not willingly exchange it for the latter. Grievances and disabilities are held in check by the increasing hold of democracy on the local and national machinery of government.

Australia is mentioned as a case where a strong Labor Party is afraid to press public ownership lest it should mean bureaucracy untempered by working-class control. The main plank in the programme of the Australian Labor Party is as follows: "The securing of the full results of their industry to all producers by the collective ownership of monopolies, and the extension of the industrial and economic functions of the State and municipality." No country has taken larger strides in a Socialist direction. Mr. Harley thinks that collectivism will rob the workers of the use of the strike. In Australia it was the collapse of the strike as an effective means of warfare (exemplified by the failure of the Shearers' Strikes of 1890-91), that drove Australian Labor into politics with collectivism as its aim. If the strike is being discarded, its place is being taken—as will presently happen in England—by the wiser methods of conciliation and arbitration. Labor in Australia is becoming the predominant force and is infusing its spirit into every form of public enterprise.

Mr. Harley's case appears to break down at a number of points. Given collectivist machinery the workers with seven-tenths of the voting power will have themselves to blame if they do nothing to democratise the machinery. Strikes may go, but surely they are not the last word in the settlement and adjustment of disputes.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM C. ANDERSON,

(Chairman Independent Labor Party.)

March 7th, 1911.

THE PARTY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your excellent article, "The Private Member," showing up some of the evils of Party Government, there is one sentence on which I should like to comment, if you can spare me the space. You say: "The mere reply, that this is found to be the only workable system, will not, in our judgment, ought not to be accepted as satisfactory."

This reply is a poor one anyhow, for the fact that Party Government is so widespread is merely due to so many countries and colonies having, when in want of a Constitution, simply copied the British political model. The party system has developed differently in different countries, but its evils are obvious, not to say glaring, wherever we find it. Yet we need not go outside Europe to find a country with a "workable system," to which party is quite unknown, and where the Government is consequently successful, enlightened, and dignified. Switzerland is the only true democracy the world has ever seen, and those of us who wish to see England a democracy—rather than a plutocracy or an oligarchy—should not be too proud to study the state of politics there, and see how far it is applicable to this country. A little study will soon make it clear that the party system must be entirely swept away before democracy can hope to come into its own.

Switzerland has, of course, always been democratic. For centuries before its first Federal Constitution, in 1291, the folkmoets of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden had accustomed the hardy mountaineers to the duties and privileges of self-government. The present Constitution of the country only dates from 1848, and was revised as recently as 1874, but it is in the main a natural evolution of their older methods of government, and may be considered as the outcome of centuries. A few of these old folkmoets still remain, but nearly all have now given place to the modern idea of representative institutions. The point of interest is that the Swiss have proved (what so many journalists now deny) that representative institutions, if properly worked, are quite compatible with the purest democracy. Now what they have done we can do. I, at least, am not prepared to admit that the Swiss are any more capable, or practical, or honest than the English.

The origin and development of the Party system of government in England is an interesting study. It may be traced back to George I., who owed his position entirely to the Whigs, and so, looking on the Tories as his natural

enemies, appointed his Ministers for the first time from one side of the House only. But the great mistake made was in allowing the ancient powers of the Crown (such as the appointment of Ministers), as they fell away from the royal hands, to develop upon the Prime Minister, and not upon the people. It is the House of Commons, as the people's representatives, who should have been heir to royalty. As it was, the Prime Minister appointed his own colleagues—men who would be loyal to *him*—the Cabinet was developed (with its "collective responsibility," and other safeguards against the people); the brilliant brain of Pulteney devised "his Majesty's Opposition," and the party system was complete. Its development since those days has been all in the direction of placing more and more power in the hands of the Prime Minister, reducing the "private member" (a more absurd phrase even than "his Majesty's Opposition") to the status of a mere voter, ordered about by Party Whips.

In short, government by Parliament has degenerated into government by Party, this again into government by Cabinet, to be further resolved into government by a single person—an alternative despotism, tempered by abuse and vilification from the other side of the House.

Now all this can easily be altered if we wish it. A Quinquennial Act with a proviso that the Ministers be elected by the House at the opening of each Parliament for the term of that Parliament—such Ministers to appoint their own chairman or president—would be quite sufficient. It would be sudden death to the Cabinet system, to "collective responsibility," to "policy measures," and all the rest of it. The House of Commons would become a business assembly; there would be ample time for all necessary work, for there would be no more frittering away of six or nine months over a single bill; all the time now spent in trying to degrade the Government in the eyes of the country and so to turn them out of office would be saved; the private member would regain his self-respect along with his power and influence; and the Ministers themselves, freed from having to fight for their lives and reputations every day, would be able to devote their time to their various departments and so save the country from being governed by a bureaucracy of permanent officials. It is too often forgotten that the main business of a Government is Administration. It is the House and not the Government that should be responsible for legislation.

It will also be possible then for the House to obtain some real control over the "spending departments"; there is, indeed, no end to the collateral reforms that will follow when the Party system is no more, for the people's representatives will then be at liberty to consider the welfare of their country instead of the welfare of their party, and Ministers will then be really Ministers, and not, as at present, Masters of the House.

There is much more to be said, but I fear I am exceeding reasonable space.—Yours, &c.,

E. MELLAND.

Hale, Cheshire,
March 1st, 1911.

THE HESWALL NAUTICAL SCHOOL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—If I may be allowed to return to this very unpleasant matter, I cannot refrain from saying that the equanimity with which the Home Office report on this school has been received fills me with amazement. Personally, I have very little sympathy with the outcry against corporal punishment (it seems connected with various fads which one dislikes extremely), but I confess that the effect produced on myself by the doings recorded in this report was one of positive nausea. This feeling, however, appears to be by no means universally shared, even in the most enlightened circles. Mr. Stephen Gwynn, for instance, writes sneeringly in your columns this morning: "Sir Frederick Banbury was greatly scandalised because in twenty-eight cases boys had been permanently marked with the cane." It will be remembered that this report states that "for motives of mistaken humanity, the superintendent substituted flogging on the bare body with a very heavy cane, for the ordinary schoolboy punishment of the birch rod." My own opinion is that this substitution was made

through no motives of the humanity, mistaken or otherwise. As a result of this experiment, twenty-eight boys are scarred for life. If there had been no other charge against him, for this absolutely unheard of practice of flogging the bare bodies of these poor little devils with an illegally heavy cane, the violent blows of which (substituted for a reasonable swishing) left the victims permanently scarred, the man Beuttler should have been ignominiously dismissed. Yet Mr. Stephen Gwynn writes, "the mark on a boy's body does not very greatly matter." Well, I suppose, if, for instance, one is very badly burnt and scarred for life (after the pain is once over), it really "does not very greatly matter." Even if one loses a limb, one gets on; it is not death or lasting disgrace. Dr. Johnson speaks of cases of "maiming" through the disciplinary efforts of schoolmasters being very common in his time. If the "maimed" boy lost an eye, for instance, he probably saw as well with one as with two, and in many cases, no doubt, received a much-needed lesson.

The fact is that many of the allegations made in "John Bull" have been proved. The story of the poor little wretch who died shortly after being drenched with buckets of ice-cold water is the most horrible thing I ever read in my life. Some of his excuses, as of boys howling, whilst in process of being permanently scarred, out of pure mischief and in consideration of a bribe of biscuits, are grotesque. Mr. Gwynn, I see, speaks of him with grave respect as "the headmaster," and attributes to him a sacerdotal power of "obliterating far deeper scars" from these boys' lives. I trust that "John Bull" and also the English people will not let this matter rest. It would need Dickens to deal adequately with these philanthropic gentry, but surely his spirit has not altogether died out of our midst.

In this wretched business the one person who has been made a Jonah of, the man Lovelock, becomes by comparison almost sympathetic. Mr. Masterman considers that he is "probably hardly a fit person" to be employed in so high-toned a philanthropic institution. Yet his practices of using "very free language" and knocking the young varnishes about (doubtless they often deserved it), are comparatively human and excusable. It seems unjust that he should be thrown overboard, while the superintendent receives a species of canonisation.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. GALE.

Gedney Vicarage, Holbeach,
March 4th, 1911.

THE BASIS OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to join issue with your correspondent, Mrs. Jonson, on two points?

Firstly, she seems to suppose that the passing of the Conciliation Bill would prevent women from pressing for equal treatment for men and women in the Plural Voting Bill, if the latter should be brought on during this Parliament. Whereas, on the contrary, the fact that women had already been admitted to the franchise would immensely strengthen our hands in pressing for equal treatment in the future, because it would have once and for all broken down the sex barrier in this matter, and it would, moreover, make it almost impossible even for a reluctant Prime Minister to refuse to do us justice. It is a great thing, as Mr. Shackleton said, to get in the thin end of the wedge *first*.

Secondly, I can see no reason for supposing that the Conciliation Bill will in any way tend to enfranchise a preponderance of members of the Tariff Reform League. On the contrary, all the evidence that we have goes to prove the reverse. We know from statistics taken in a large number of representative towns all over the country (and vouched for by responsible people) that working women will form eighty per cent. at least of those enfranchised under this bill, and the working women who have the spending of the weekly wages and, therefore, would be the first to feel the pinch of the slightest rise in prices, are probably the most solidly Free Trade body that we have in this country.—Yours, &c.,

M. H. MACKWORTH.

Llansoar, Caerleon, Mon.
March 5th, 1911.

THE PRICE OF "THE MILL."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to endorse very strongly your remark that no picture is worth the sum asked for the reputed Rembrandt now on offer to the nation by Lord Lansdowne?

When it is remembered that the price paid for it by Lord Lansdowne's ancestor about a hundred years ago was only £800, that it is yet another of those pictures about whose authenticity experts are in disagreement, and that it is totally unrepresentative of Rembrandt's painting as shown in his work about which there is no doubt—it is to be hoped that not one penny of public money will be expended on its purchase. Should it eventually go to Chicago, or wherever else the offer comes from, it will hardly be less accessible to the general lover of pictures than it is at present.

After the amusing episodes of the "Lionardo" bust and the "Velasquez" Venus, the ordinary unsophisticated member of the public will surely be excused if he turns a deaf ear, and vouchsafes only a sceptical smile to the hysterics that will probably follow the successful issue of the bargaining between the American millionaire and Lord Lansdowne, and the fortunate escape of the British taxpayer.

—Yours, &c.,

March 7th, 1911.

ALBERT STRANGE.

THE PUZZLE OF THE PLAGUE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I unfortunately did not see your issue of February 18th until to-day, and I hope that I am not too late to make some comment on the article it contains entitled "The Puzzle of the Plague."

The article is an unsigned one and is, I presume, to be taken accordingly as the opinion of *THE NATION*, arrived at after study and deliberation, and written with intent to inform its readers on what is at present an awful scourge in the East, and on what may prove to be a cause for terror in this and other European countries, in the near or more distant future, as it has repeatedly been in the past.

THE NATION is a journal which helps to form public opinion; and that being so, I hope you will give me space to protest against the views given in the latter part of the article, in which the writer rejects the evidence which seems to most of us to have proved that at least a very large share in originating and spreading outbreaks of plague in human beings is due to the rat.

The writer says that the theory that its fleas are the chief carriers of the disease to other animals, including man, is a "fantastic suggestion." What would more reasonably seem "fantastic" to some of us is that anyone, after reading the pamphlet written by Lieut.-Colonel Bannerman, of the Indian Medical Service, should use such an adjective in this connection; and it is reasonable to assume that no one writing on the subject of "Plague" for *THE NATION*, with its sense of responsibility as a former of public opinion, would do so without having read this pamphlet.

It contains an account of ingeniously conceived and exhaustive experiments on animals, and of observations on man which make it as certain as pathological evidence can make it, that plague is primarily a rat disease, and that the chief, if not the only, agent in transmitting it is the rat flea.

The instances adduced by your contributor, as casting doubt on this, really, in the light of fuller knowledge, afford additional evidence for the theory. That "when the plague raged in Bombay whole areas of the city were cleared of rats, and the plague was more virulent within the rat-free districts than it was outside them" is explained thus:—The rat flea remains by preference on the rat, its normal "host." To clear an area of rats means to kill them, and when they are dead the fleas leave the bodies when they become cold, and settle on new hosts which in the absence of rats may be, and often are, human beings, and if these fleas are infectious they may infect their new hosts.

The plague-infected rat is really a greater danger when recently dead than when living, and this is the probable explanation why "the prison in Bombay, which aimed at

military cleanliness, suffered more severely than the slums around it," which was a second instance quoted by your contributor as against the rat theory.

Again your contributor says that "If rats sufficed to carry plague, it has to be explained why they ceased to do so after the Stuarts."

Quite so; but it is not contended that rats "suffice" to carry plague; this needs rats infected with the plague bacillus; and, in the second place, since the time of the Stuarts, a great change has taken place in the rat population of these islands and of Europe generally. Since that time the old black rat, "*Mus Rattus*," has been displaced by his fiercer relative, the brown rat, "*Mus Decumanus*."

Now, the brown rat is less liable to convey plague to man than his black cousin, not because he seems to be less subject to the disease himself, but because he comes much less into contact with man.

The black rat is a much cleaner animal than the brown, much more friendly to man, and therefore much more of a house-dweller. He is accordingly, if plague-stricken, a much greater danger, for if he dies of plague his fleas have ready access to man near whom, and in close relations with whom, he lived, whereas in the case of the brown rat, it is doubtful if his flea could readily come in contact with man at all, living as he does at a greater distance from man.

This I think you will admit gives the explanation your article asks for, and at the same time not only does not invalidate the rat theory, but strengthens it.

More might well be written to elucidate the matter further to those of your readers who have not had bacteriological and pathological training; but this letter has already run to as great a length as you are likely to be willing to accept.

I trust you may see your way to print it, for in the presence of the awful outbreak in the East and the possibility of its extension nearer home it would be a pity, when science has by painstaking inquiry acquired definite knowledge about the disease—knowledge which may lead to its extinction as in the case of yellow fever—if ill-informed criticism were to create an atmosphere of hostility to such science when it is conceivable that wise action based on it may prove to be of the greatest benefit to mankind.—Yours, &c.

PETER MACDONALD, M.D.

Ouse Lea, York.

Poetry.

DAYS THAT HAVE BEEN.

CAN I forget the sweet days that have been,
When poetry first began to warm my blood;
When from the hills of Gwent I saw the earth
Burned into two by Severn's silver flood?

When I would go alone at night to see
The Moonlight, like a big white Butterfly,
Dreaming on that old castle near Caerleon—
While at its side the Usk went softly by.

When I would stare at lovely clouds in Heaven,
Or watch them when reported by deep streams;
When feeling pressed like thunder, but would not
Break into that grand music of my dreams.

Can I forget the sweet days that have been,
The villages so green, I have been in:
Llantarnam, Magor, Malpas, and Llanwern,
Liswery, old Caerleon, and Alteryon?

Can I forget the banks of Malpas Brook,
Or Ebbw's voice in such a wild delight,
As on he dashed with pebbles in his throat,
Gurgling towards the sea with all his might?

Ah, when I see a leafy village now,
I sigh, and ask it for Llantarnam's green;
I ask each river where is Ebbw's voice—
In memory of the sweet days that have been.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Creative Evolution." By Henri Bergson. Authorised translation by Arthur Mitchell. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
 "Thucydides and the History of his Age." By G. B. Grundy. (Murray. 16s. net.)
 "The House of Hohenzollern: Two Centuries of Berlin Court Life." By E. A. Brayley Hodgkiss. (Methuen. 15s. net.)
 "Finland To-day." By George Renwick. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Mark Twain." By Archibald Henderson. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)
 "The Story of Nefrekepta, from a Demotic Papyrus." Put into verse by Gilbert Murray. (Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "The Champions of the Crown." By Lucy Sealy. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Nature of Personality." By William Temple. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Leila." By Antonio Fogazzaro. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
 "The Patrician." By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 "Isabel." By Dorothy V. Horace Smith. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
 "Le Miroir des Heures." Poèmes. Par Henri de Régnier. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)
 "1870: La Guerre en Lorraine." Par Ernest Picard. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 10 fr.)
 "La Morale de l'Honneur." Par L. Jeudon. (Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.)

DR. R. SPENCE WATSON was, we know, a power in Radical circles in the North of England for many years. He had also a very genuine interest in literature. Probably his last literary effort of any note was to write the life of his friend, Joseph Skipsey, which was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1909. Skipsey was a constant guest at Dr. Spence Watson's house, which was, indeed, a meeting-place for many distinguished men of all sorts. It is a great deal to say, as Dr. Spence Watson does, that "amongst the many whom I have been so fortunate as to know, who have achieved distinction in different walks of life, I do not think that I can recall one who struck me as distinguished in the same way as he (Skipsey) was . . . As an independent thinker, as a man of entirely original power, as one who was capable of careful and deep thought, and, at all events in conversation, of expressing its results, he stands to me alone." He warns us that Skipsey's written work gives an altogether inadequate idea of what he calls his "infinite resources." Dr. Spence Watson's Memoir of his friend is in a key of high eulogy. One little story he tells may be worth repeating:—

"I shall never forget how, on one occasion in 1870, Mr. Eirik Magnusson was staying with me, and Skipsey turned up accidentally to dine, and was somewhat perturbed to find a stranger present. He was still and grave, and took little part in the conversation. Mr. Magnusson, on the other hand, was a brilliant conversationalist, but he happened to say something about Goethe and 'Faust.' He was surprised when, from the other side of the table, a deep, thoughtful voice said, 'I deny that,' and he at once engaged in an argument with Skipsey which was exceedingly brilliant and exceedingly amusing, but in which Skipsey held his own in a very remarkable way. In fact, I am inclined to think that he knew more about Goethe and 'Faust' than his antagonist. Mr. Magnusson whispered to me, 'Who is this fellow?' and I told him, and said, 'You must make much of him, for in half an hour's time he will be going away to the pit, which he goes down to-night.' He went up at once and took him by the arms, and said, 'My dear fellow, you must not continue to live here; it is no place for you; you must come and live in London.' 'Not if I can exercise any influence with him,' was my reply."

The whole of "Joseph Skipsey: A Memoir" is, in fact, transparently a labor of love. It was no ordinary affection that seems to have bound the two men—wide apart as they were in what is called the social sphere—together. But for this biography Skipsey would indeed be remembered as a writer of some extremely vivid verse, dealing with the coal-fields and their risks and tragedies. But in this book Dr. Spence Watson has been able to let us see the man face to face and to hear him speak. It will be remembered that Rossetti described Skipsey as "every inch a gentleman." Dr. Spence Watson was in the habit of taking long walks with Skipsey, in which the two discussed like brothers some literary theme, and the former has set it on record that rarely was it possible to pass an hour together without separating with feelings richer for the occasion.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL are about to publish a translation by Professor C. S. Gager of Professor de Vries's "Intercellular Pangenesis," the volume in which de Vries first developed the hypothesis that led to his famous theory of mutation. The book includes a paper on fertilisation and hybridisation, and will have an introduction by Professor Strasburger.

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS, whose study of James Hinton in "Three Modern Seers" we noticed at some length on its appearance last year, has now undertaken a biography of Hinton which will be published by Messrs. Stanley Paul. Mrs. Ellis has had access to Hinton's private papers, which include a good deal of unpublished matter, and has also been aided by several of his intimate friends. As we said when noticing Mrs. Ellis's former work, Hinton was a pioneer in the reaction against rationalism, and his outlook deserves far more attention than this book-burdened age seems disposed to give.

THE next addition to Messrs. Walter Scott's "Canterbury Poets" series will be a volume entitled "Contemporary Belgian Poetry." It consists of authorised translations by Professor Jethro Bithell, the author of a companion volume on German poetry, from the leading Belgian poets such as Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Albert Mockel, and André Fontana. The book will be prefaced by a critical essay on Belgian poetry, and will also contain a bibliography of the subject.

LAST week the French Academy decided to found a new Grand Prize, which will be given annually to "a novel or other prose work of imagination, inspired by lofty sentiments." M. Thureau-Dangin proposed the establishment of the prize on the ground that, while eloquence, poetry, history and criticism have valuable prizes assigned to them, fiction, the branch of literature to which most of the members owe their seats in the Academy, has been almost ignored. The most valuable prizes at the disposal of the Academy are the two founded by the Baron de Montyon, one for the poor Frenchman who has performed the most virtuous action during the year, and the other for the French author who has published the book most serviceable to morality. Another valuable prize, the Prix Gobert, was founded by Baron Gobert because, with an intense desire to write French history, he felt that his abilities fell short of his ambition. "I hope," he said in his Will, "that I may be able to do with my possessions what I have not been able to do with my mind." This hope has been fulfilled, for the Prix Gobert has enabled several French historians to do work that would have been impossible without some such help. Augustin Thierry received from this source 9,000 francs a year for sixteen years, and was thus given an opportunity to publish his "Histoire du Tiers-Etat." Henri Martin, Lavallée, and M. Thureau-Dangin have also benefited by Baron Gobert's foundation.

SIGNOR FOGAZZARO, who died on Tuesday last, shares with Carducci the distinction of being one of the greatest Italian writers of our time. He was by temperament a poet, and his early work was in verse, but a certain harshness in his language, and his rejection of the classical Italian standards, have prevented his poetry from becoming popular among Italian readers. His main title to fame rests upon his novels. The first of these was "Malombra," published in 1881, the plot of which deals with occultism and the transmigration of souls. "Daniele Cortis," which appeared four years later, is commonly regarded as Fogazzaro's best novel, though it was the trilogy, "Piccolo Mondo Antico," "Piccolo Mondo Moderno," and "Il Santo" that made him known throughout Europe. The last volume mentioned brought him into antagonism with the Roman Catholic authorities, who objected to the vague modernism which it set forth. "Il Santo" was placed upon the Index, and as a direct consequence was translated into English, French, German, and Spanish, and had a real influence on religious thought, and on the movement of which it was an expression. At first Fogazzaro refused to make his peace with the Vatican. Finally he yielded, withdrew his book from circulation, and in "Leila," an English translation of which appears this week, he modifies some of the views that had displeased the Papal authorities.

Reviews.

THE SCAPEGOAT OF HONOR.*

"If you would be happy in life, if you would die rich and respected, do not see too far ahead. Nobody will ever thank you for having discovered the rock before the ship was wrecked upon it." So writes the author of this fascinating volume in one of his rare passages of reflection and general comment; and the words summarise a lesson he had bitterly learnt. Here was a man who appeared destined for the very highest place in his profession. For nearly fifty years he served with conspicuous ability in all commissioned ranks and in almost every department. Wherever active service was to be seen, he eagerly offered himself, and he generally obtained it. India and Canada had known him, the West Coast and the Ashantis, Natal and Zululand, Egypt and the Soudan. He had held high command up the Nile, at Alexandria, and at Aldershot. During his manhood he had witnessed many of the great events in history, and had been intimate with many of the greatest men, including Victor Hugo, Gordon, and Parnell. With Lord Wolseley, by ability and position the most influential man in the Army, he was a special favorite, and he warmly returned the admiration. His wit and geniality made him widely popular. In literature he was known for great gifts both of observation and style. He was deeply versed in military history, and refused to isolate it from the general history of nations. All soldierly qualities were his, and his mind was cultivated to take full advantage of them. In two things alone he failed. Through some strange kink of temperament, his sympathy was always given to the weak, the injured, and the oppressed, instead of being given to the strong, the brutal, and the oppressor. And through some unfortunate perversion of mind he was enabled to foresee with unerring intuition the natural consequences of military and political errors.

That sympathy and that foresight were his ruin. Vexatious to the officials of public departments at all times, they became unendurably irritating when the departments were driving hard into an act of reckless oppression that involved all the disasters consequent upon military and political error. But for his appointment to command in South Africa exactly a year before the war began, Butler might have fulfilled his course of high public service without public discredit. His affection for his own Irish people, heightened by the official cruelties he saw practised upon them in his boyhood; his doubt as to the stability of our rule in India owing to our want of imaginative sympathy with the Indians; his feeling for the vanishing races of the "Great Lone Land"; his abhorrence of the interests that led to the overthrow of Arabi; his attempts to check public waste and plunder during the wars in Natal and Egypt; his Report exposing the Ordnance Department with such fidelity that the Government in its wisdom suppressed it—all these offences against unimaginative Imperialism and Departmental routine might have been forgiven him. They might have passed unnoticed in the general muddle and mess of the public offices, had he not brought the same disquieting qualities of sympathy and foresight to bear upon the dark turmoil that cosmopolitan financiers and interested politicians were rousing in South Africa.

Ever since the attempted piracy of the Raid and the scandal for the suppressed inquiry, the atmosphere of disquietude and suspicion had been thickening. In the uncertain gloom one was conscious of dim figures moving here and there like shadows with malignant purpose. One heard whispers of confidential designs, promptings to unreasoning hatred, and, both in London and South Africa, the rustle of papers, and the quiet receipt of more substantial rewards for "patriotic" services and opinions. Lies flew on gilded wings, and the Press of Johannesburg, Cape Town, and London was organised into a private engine, irresistible in misrepresentation. War at all costs was the unflinching purpose of the narrow clique of mine-owners, speculators, and journalists who worked in the centre of the ferment, and, by one means or another, gathered to their side a variegated multitude of shareholders, armament manufacturers,

excited politicians, blood-thirsty ecclesiastics, the crowd that loves a distant war, theorists who hated freedom, or who regarded small States as delaying some Socialistic scheme. By the incitements of passion, the kindling of race-hatred, the instigations of megalomania, stimulated by the literature of swagger then in fashion, they goaded the nation into that blind fury, under which war, to use their own fatal word, indeed becomes inevitable.

Such was the atmosphere into which Butler found himself plunged on arriving at Cape Town in October, 1898. Owing to Sir Alfred Milner's absence in England, he took up the duties of High Commissioner and Governor of Cape Colony, in addition to his military command, and these qualities of sympathy and foresight, which we have described as ruinous to his career, at once brought him under suspicion with the financial group that succeeded in undermining almost everything except Butler's integrity. From the outset he marked out for himself two lines of conduct: first, with regard to the Dutch, to maintain or restore as friendly relations as possible, to demonstrate in England that their suspicions and apprehensions since the Raid were only too well founded on the course of events; and to do his utmost to check the system of misrepresentation which was the chief agent in producing hostility. Secondly, in regard to the military situation, he determined to make the Home Government realise that war against such a people as the Boers would be no light undertaking, that our forces in the country were utterly inadequate even for a beginning, and that all the cock-and-bull schemes for new raids and encircling movements, put forward by amateur Colonial soldiers, were the certain roads to disaster. On every side he was hoodwinked or obstructed. The Government gave him no hint as to their policy. He was kept in the dark whether to prepare for peace or war. Either no orders came, or the orders were contradictory. Secret calumination surrounded him. The well-known editor of the leading Cape Town paper in the Rhodes interest appears actually to have played the eavesdropper in the General's offices, and Butler was forced to issue orders excluding him from the premises in future. His own subordinates rejoiced at the slights put upon him by the Government. The Press persistently vilified him at home until he at last reached the dignity of "the best abused man in the country." Writing of the weeks that followed the notorious "Edgar case," with which the syndicated journals tried to lash the British people up to the point of war, he says:—

"No man knew better than I did all that we had suffered from false information during the preceding quarter century. It had been the root of all our past trouble. Now, all at once, I was brought face to face with this old evil, multiplied to a degree I could not have imagined possible; no longer sporadic, but systematised, gigantic, unscrupulous; powerful in means of execution; directed to one end, that end fraught with possibilities of the gravest kind."

Soon after this, Sir Alfred Milner returned from England, and Butler observed that he read his dispatch treating of the Edgar case with "undisguised impatience." For a time Sir Alfred Milner himself seems to have hesitated. Now and then, he appears even to have deprecated the Colonial Secretary's violence. In May, 1899, Butler noted after an interview:—

"'I know,' he (Milner) said, 'that Chamberlain won't put things in the most conciliatory manner. You remember his speech about doubting Kruger's desire to settle matters?' . . . 'Nothing could persuade the Boers,' he said, 'that Chamberlain was not a party to the Raid,' and although they hated him (the Governor), yet he thought they would believe what he said. This again led him to the idea that if he was left to himself he could settle matters with Kruger if they met."

They met, as is well remembered, and after the failure of the Bloemfontein Conference Butler notes again that the High Commissioner and his secretary appeared very much depressed by the situation then reached. "They must see the awful volume of lies," he adds, "which the syndicate gangs have so long passed off as truth upon the British public." But the "Raiders" had decreed that the Conference should fail, and, whatever his hesitation, Milner was forced towards war without further evidence of unwillingness. Week by week the position of any honorable advocate of peace under such authority became more impossible. Even in purely military affairs interference increased. The Home Government recommended to Butler the

* "Sir William Butler: An Autobiography." By Lieut-General the Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. F. Butler, G.C.B. Constable. 16s. net.

wildest plans for occupying advanced positions on the frontiers, or even over the frontiers, before the war began. Mr. Chamberlain excised important passages from his despatches. The notion of a new Raid into the Transvaal from the north was repeatedly brought before him. Milner sent Woods Sampson to call on him, and Butler writes: "He ended with a question whether I could do anything to assist him in his desire of fighting the Boers." Colonel Chisholme, commanding in Natal, actually made important arrangements for military action on the frontier without consulting the General at all. Milner himself communicated with Natal upon the question of defence without a word to him.

"When one reads this in the light of what followed," he writes, "one wonders at nothing. What infatuation! Sir Alfred Milner and Governor Hely-Hutchinson settle between them the whole plan of campaign, and the General Officer Commanding in South Africa is altogether ignored. And so the farce, so soon to change to tragedy, goes on, till on the 3rd of August we read as follows: 'Mr. Chamberlain to Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson: Propriety of moving troops nearer to the frontier, so as to watch Laing's Nek, is being considered by her Majesty's Government.'"

We suppose that in the whole history of British muddle never was the interference of civilians with the General in Command so flagrant, unless it was in the case of Wellington in the Peninsula. Milner, also, continued to urge his insane scheme of making a ring of forces round the Free State (we had then about 7,000 troops in South Africa!) and especially holding Kimberley with a garrison. A similar scheme was the direct cause of all our early disasters, and Butler, being a soldier, strenuously opposed it.

"It would be said afterwards," I remarked," he writes, reporting an interview with Milner, "that by my action and through my foolish disregard of facts I had precipitated a conflict before we were prepared for it; perhaps brought on a war when the Home Government desired peace." He caught at this. "It can never be said, Sir William Butler, that you precipitated a conflict with the Dutch." "I understand your meaning," I said; "there can be no further use in my continuing the interview."

That was nearly the end. The War Office called for various details about transport and the time needed to supply it, and asked for "any observations." After giving the required information, Butler added:—

"You ask my observations. They might fill many pages, but they could be summarised thus: I believe that a war between the white races, coming as a sequel to the Jameson Raid and the subsequent events of last three years, would be the greatest calamity that ever occurred in South Africa."

The Government answered angrily, a private letter warned him of the campaign of calumny being conducted against him in London, and after another chilly interview with Milner, he resigned. He had sympathised with the inevitable victims of the war. He alone (with the possible exception of his friend, Lord Wolseley) foresaw the full extent of the peril to which the advocates of a rupture were exposing our country for their own purposes. Both sympathy and foresight were abhorrent to the official and "patriotic" mind. He looked too far ahead, and that was his fault. But let us remember what we threw away to please a few purblind officials and astute financiers. We threw away the one supremely able man that South Africa then held on our side—the one man whose strategical power and knowledge of the country might have averted disaster. "It was lucky for us, General, that you were not against us in the field!" said one of the Boer Generals to him after the war. Yes, it was lucky for them.

ANCIENT HISTORY AND LITERATURE IN THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

WE require of an Encyclopædia that it should be accurate and, within its limits, complete, that it should give us the latest knowledge of each subject, and guide us to the sources of more extensive learning. The present issue seems, as far as we have tested it, to answer these demands much more

satisfactorily than the editions which preceded it. Modestly styling itself a new edition, it is in many respects a new work. Nor is the improvement to be seen only in matters of fact. It is true that a vast mass of new facts has been brought before us. In particular, the spade has revealed a civilisation in the Ægean Sea which makes Homer seem young and Agamemnon a creature of yesterday. Rome can claim no such antiquity. Indeed, many of her monuments have been shown to have no right to their traditional ascriptions. The wall of Servius never saw the Tarquins, and perhaps not even Camillus. The arch of the Cloaca Maxima belongs to the late Republican period, and, in surrendering its fabulous antiquity like the arches of Perugia and Volterra, can no longer plead that the Etruscans invented or imported this form of architecture. Nevertheless, the excavations have taught us much of the origins of Rome. But the new facts are not all. They are not even the chief element in the novelty of the present work. The whole point of view has changed. The scientific spirit, with its comparative method, sets all the facts in a new light. The history of Greece or of Rome is no longer the record of an isolated period. The peoples by whom these histories were made take their place in a vast scheme, and are connected with the past by links of which they could not be aware. Even where but few fresh facts have come to light, the article of thirty years ago is superannuated.

Much as we have lately learned of unwritten history and of ancient art, it must be admitted that inferences and results are still largely a matter of dispute. This condition of things, which in all likelihood will at no time wholly pass away, presents a difficulty to the editor of an encyclopædia. The articles must be written by specialists, and in controversial matters the specialist is apt to hold strongly a view of his own. Archaeologists, in particular, have the reputation, rightly or wrongly, of a tendency to dogmatism coupled with a habit of leaping lightly in face of some new discovery from one dogma to another. This view of their character happily will find but little support in the pages of the new Encyclopædia. Either of their own motion or under the guidance of the editor, the specialists show a desire to set forth all views with absolute fairness, and, while supplying the reader with some materials for a judgment, to leave undecided what is still in dispute. Thus, on the sadly-vexed question of Homeric armor, the reader has his choice to side with Dr. Ridgeway and the round shield with greaves for defence against the enemy, or with Reichel and the huge eight-shaped encumbrance with greaves to protect the shins of the wearer against the sharp edge of his own means of defence. The same impartiality is seen in Dr. Hogarth's admirable article on Ægean civilisation and Dr. Percy Gardner's scarcely less excellent contribution on Greek art. We are sure that Dr. Gardner in his own mind has no doubt about the date and character of the Apollo of the Belvedere, but he says no more than that, whereas most archaeologists regard it as a copy of a work by Leochares, it is not clear that we have a right to remove it from the statues of the Hellenistic age, and that Preller's theory, which saw in it a copy from a trophy set up to commemorate the repulse of the Gauls at Delphi in 278 B.C., has not lost its plausibility. With this wisely guarded statement we may contrast the unhesitating words of Dr. H. S. Jones, in a little volume lately noticed in these columns. He declares roundly for the Delphian theory, dogmatically dates the copy as of the second century A.D., and declares that its supposed resemblance in style to the Ganymede, an undoubted copy after Leochares, "is non-existent." We are far from saying that Dr. Jones, in writing an elementary guide-book, was wrong to state his views in this way; but such assurance would be out of place in an Encyclopædia. One of Dr. Jones's books is among the authorities cited by Dr. Gardner at the foot of his article, and his own contributions to this work are written in the appropriate spirit.

To this rule of impartiality we have but few exceptions. We will mention one that comes within the domain of written history. On the question of the Long Walls at Athens, Dr. Bury, while admitting that Leake held that there were but two, declares that the language of Thucydides seems decisive in favor of three. Leake has been dead fifty years, and Dr. Bury should surely have told us, not only that no remains of a third wall have ever been discovered, but also that Angelopoulos and other current authorities

* "The Encyclopædia Britannica." 11th Edition. Sections of Ancient History and Literature. Cambridge University Press.

deny its existence and find a quite different meaning in the phrase of the Athenian historian. We may add that in Dr. Gardner's article there is one phrase which we could have wished away, though some linguistic scholars were so slow to recognise the claims of the archæologists that they could hardly complain of his little fling. Writing on the Hermes of Praxiteles, he says that "in every line and touch we have the work of a great artist," and that "this is more than we can say of any of the literary remains of antiquity—poem, play, or oration." But in each case it is a matter of evidence and inference. We are sure that Dr. Gardner would accept as exact the text of that epigram of Martial which gave rise to the famous gibe at Dr. Fell, or, to take a less brief poem, the text of that ode of Horace which the undergraduate Milton turned into unintelligible English. And since we speak of English, we will here express our regret that the editor has not thought fit to correct the careless phrases of some of his contributors. Take this sentence from Dr. Gardner's article—"Though signed by one Alexander of Athens, who was probably a worker of the Roman age, Professor Roberts is right in maintaining that Alexander only copied a design of the age of Zeuxis." We hope that the friends of Dr. Roberts will not search his person for traces of the alleged signature. We understand that the sheets supplied to us have not been finally revised. An occasional inconsistency may therefore yet disappear. Thus Dr. Roberts writes that the word *Campanus*, which is used as the adjective of *Capua*, is pre-Roman, that is to say Oscan, whereas Dr. Ashby says that the word derives its origin from the Latin *Campus*. The Oscan language is so near to Latin that the two statements need but little modification to bring them into agreement. We may here say that both Dr. Conway and Dr. Ashby give us excellent work. Dr. Ashby contributes a number of brief articles on the districts, towns, and roads of Italy and its islands. He has lived many years in that country, making its antiquities his study, and he writes with an ease and precision which could hardly be equalled by any other Englishman. To Dr. Haverfield, the greatest authority on Roman Britain, we owe like acknowledgments for his articles on that period of our history. In this context we should like to mention the excellent article on Inscriptions, the work of several hands. There is, in fact, hardly any limit to the list of articles which we could cite with approval. We shall content ourselves with mentioning Dr. Farnell's contribution on Greek Religion. No other could better illustrate, not only the advance in our knowledge, but also the development of anthropological science and the method which characterises the studies of the day.

In the section of Literature we find, as is natural, less that is new. The Homeric question is always with us, and, although the late Provost of Oriel revised his article just before his death, some changes have been found necessary. Thus Mr. T. W. Allen bids us say farewell to Fick's quaint theory that the *Iliad*, as we have it, is a translation. Dr. Farnell would, perhaps, have modified some of Monro's statement on Homeric morals. To Jebb's general sketch of Greek literature only a few additions have been made. On the subject of *Æschylus* the eccentric scholarship of Blackie is supplanted by more sound work from Mr. Arthur Sidgwick. Sellar's articles on the Latin classics, excellent in themselves, but not written to scale, have been revised and reduced. Several of them have been in the hands of Dr. Postgate, while Horace has fitly fallen to Dr. Gow, and Ovid to Mr. Sidney Owen. We welcome an entirely new article on Cicero, by Mr. Albert Clark, though we might wish that he had given a word to the orator's skill as a story-teller. In philosophy Cicero was a mere dabbler, but his works on the subject are at least worth perusal for the sake of the illustrative tales. From the article on Iambics we should like to quote a sentence, the recognition of which would have saved much futile labor and discussion: "In all questions of quantity in modern prosody great care has to be exercised to recollect that all ascriptions of classic names to modern forms of rhymed or blank verse are merely approximative."

No educated reader, we may suppose, will turn over these pages without occasionally finding a statement with which he cannot agree; but no reader can fail to be struck by the learning, the balance, the method, the impartiality, and the unfailing interest of this great work.

A LADY OF THE DESPATCH BOX.*

"A Pilgrim of the Despatch Box" Mrs. Fraser somewhere happily styles herself. To this cosmopolitan condition, limited to no place or country, she was brought by marriage with a diplomatist. American by blood, Italian (and Roman too) by accident of birth, she went early on her travels as wife of Mr. Hugh Fraser; and of the knowledge of her own eyes, gleaned from Peking to Vienna, she gives us very entertainingly.

It is easier to enjoy in the reading, than rightly to appraise in the reviewing, a book with so wide a survey. True, the interest of the first volume is very largely of the domestic kind; but Mrs. Fraser's apology on this account was in no way called for. The Crawfords and the Wards of New York were sterling folk, and their grand-daughter's brief chronicle of them makes a very good story. Excellent also is the early romance in Rome of her father, the young sculptor, Thomas Crawford, whom the timely cheque of a providential benefactor rescued in the very nick of time; and surely everyone will read with pleasure and some gratitude the chapter devoted to the brilliant and charming brother, the novelist, Marion Crawford.

A dominating and impressive figure in the Rome of Mrs. Fraser's childhood was the sovereign pontiff on whom temporal afflictions were to come, Pius IX. At this date the Papal throne must have seemed as safe as it was splendid, and Pius was to be met abroad upon the streets, driving or taking his walks, "attended by his Cardinals and Noble Guards." A Shakespearean picture! Once the little Crawfords stood still and watched this great company approach, "coming straight towards us out of the swimming radiance of the noonday, with all Rome lying low behind him." The children's nurse whispered, "The Pope!"

"The next moment he too stood still, and beckoning to one of the Noble Guards, sent him to bring us to him, for Pius IX. never passed little foreign children in his walks without pausing to give them his blessing. My brother ran forward eagerly, and I seem even now to see his golden curls shining in the sun as he took the officer's hand and trotted beside him across the open space to where the Pope was waiting for us. I thought his face the kindest and most beautiful I had ever seen."

Of Victor Emmanuel, in the transition days, 'twixt 1859 and 1860, we get a much less flattering description. Mrs. Fraser views the *Ré Galantuomo* almost as unfavorably as Clara Novello has done; declares him not honest (the title that most of the world was agreed to bestow on him), but

"one of the vainest and weakest of men, always ready to sacrifice the truth to appearances—ride his refusing to change his clothes or even have them brushed for a whole week after the battle of Solferino, ostentatiously and constantly referring to the gallantry testified to by their filthy condition. Of his private life it is not necessary to speak, except to say that he was the very opposite of the Galahad the English people believed him to be."

This comes short of generosity. We can scarcely believe that by the English or any other people Victor Emmanuel was regarded as a Galahad, and we are afraid he himself would have made very cynically merry over the name. His amours were notorious, but he was no hypocrite in them, as witnessed a fairly well-known remark of his to Garibaldi—which, had she heard it, would more than ever have offended Mrs. Fraser. His vanity was a good deal on the surface, and it is certain he never lacked bravery in the field. His "weakness" lay partly in this, that, being a profoundly attached Catholic, his conscience was terribly plagued over his political hostility to the Pope. Let this and that fault be ascribed to him; he was one of the three men to whom Italy owes her freedom.

In these early Italian days (Mrs. Fraser's, we mean), glimpses are afforded us of the Brownings, Edward Lear, and Hans Andersen. Fancy having been taken by Hans Andersen on his knee while he tried to tell in broken English the story of "The Ugly Duckling"! That is among the memories cherished by Mrs. Fraser, and a very nice one. Lear, too, unexpectedly encountered in the Maritime Alps, is as delightful to the little girls as we

* "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Hutchinson. 2 vols. 24s. net.

should expect him to be. "Uncle" Lear (he was Uncle already)

"did not always wait to be asked for his rhymes. Day after day Daisy would find on her plate some enchanting, highly colored sketch with an appropriate poem. We all felt enriched when 'The owl and the pussy cat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat,' and the mystery of the disappearance of 'The Jumbies,' who 'Never came back to me!' had an alluring gloom even for grown-ups."

Browning, with "an aquiline nose and a beautiful mouth, smiling under the golden beard," comes off rather better than his wife, the first visit to whom

"was an awesome experience. . . . She had great cavernous eyes, glowering out under two big bushes of black ringlets, a fashion I had not beheld before. She never laughed or even smiled once during the whole conversation, and through all the gloom of the shuttered room I could see that her face was hollow and ghastly pale."

But poor Mrs. Browning was ill, and Mrs. Fraser a healthy little person.

From the Pincio to Pekin! To that remote and slightly insecure Legation Mr. Hugh Fraser had just been appointed when, in the summer of 1874, Miss Mary Crawford gave him her hand. Our author's deft pen makes the most of Legation life in China, and finds some new things to relate of that mystery-woman, the Dowager Empress. A mystery, indeed, suggests itself to Mrs. Fraser concerning her. Briefly, Mrs. Fraser is disposed to believe (and not baselessly), that the Dowager Empress died during the Boxer rebellion, "her place being instantly filled, and her character assumed, by another woman whom she had trained for the purpose." It is curious, but curious also are certain facts put in by Mrs. Fraser. To wit:—

"The Dowager Empress was passionate, dissipated, and elderly in 1875. Women who had relations at Court whispered that she was shrivelled and bent. No power on earth would have induced her to humble her pride by permitting her photograph to be taken."

This was the Dowager Empress of the period of Mrs. Fraser's sojourn in Pekin. She continues:—

"Yet, five years ago, I was shown a portrait of the Dowager Empress, surrounded by her ladies. The portrait was that of a stout, serene-looking woman of about forty years of age. That alone would prove nothing . . . but the testimony of Miss Kerr, the artist, who recently lived for several months in the Palace, and came into almost daily contact with the Empress, was utterly irreconcilable with the former data about her. This lady told me that the redoubtable Dowager was a smooth-faced, placid person who, from her appearance, might be between forty-five and fifty years old; that she was extraordinarily gentle and kind in manner, full of real consideration for others, and most decorous and regular in her methods of life."

Now, have we here two Dowagers, the genuine and "redoubtable" one, of the Legation time of Mrs. Fraser, and the understudy who is pushed forward at about the date of the Boxer rising (the true Dowager being presumably at this epoch dead)? But this is not all. Mrs. Fraser reports a strange and shocking story which, while she herself was there, came at first hand into the Legation. One morning,

"a very powerful dignitary came to interview the Chief, in a condition of such evident collapse that the latter hastened to offer him restoratives. When these had taken effect, the visitor apologised for giving inconvenience, and explained his trouble."

Commanded to attend on the Dowager, the minister had had to wait (and, while waiting, take in by ear) the progress of a long-drawn private execution. Her Majesty had ordered a female slave to be flogged to death. A minister, staying for his summons to the presence, has to lie on his face on the far side of a screen, for he never beholds the Imperial countenance.

"It is an honorable duty," said the Minister to our Chief of the Legation, "and I do not complain. But this morning there was much trouble behind the screen. Her Majesty was very angry with one of her maids. She commanded the eunuchs to beat her to death. It took a long time. . . . The girl's shrieks were terrible, but more terrible were the epithets and abuse which her Majesty poured out upon her as she watched her die."

This, in a word, was the Dowager Empress, known to the Legation with which Mrs. Fraser was associated in the

'seventies. Who was the Dowager Empress known to Miss Kerr? Mrs. Fraser says:—

"It was impossible to reconcile this description"—Miss Kerr's—"of the Empress Dowager, and of the happy, harmonious life in her family, with what I learnt over thirty years ago. The transformation of age to comparative youth, and of violence and cruelty to womanly sweetness, remains one of the eternal secrets of the Palace."

In time, no doubt, the secret will be given up. Mrs. Fraser's change from Rome to Pekin could not have been more absolute than her translation from Pekin to Vienna. Her readers will be touched by her vivid sketch of that restless, unhappy, misplaced, and fated sharer of Franz Josef's throne, the beautiful Empress Elizabeth.

THE DRAMA OF DESPAIR.*

THE "Oedipus" has been unfortunate in various ways. The mere Greek title of "Oedipus the Tyrant" seems to have suggested to Shelley his satire upon George IV. as "Swellfoot the Tyrant," and so the word "Swellfoot" or "Oedipus" has passed into common use, till only the other day one read it as the equivalent to a violent despot. Yet Oedipus himself, though impetuous and quick-blooded, was so far from being a tyrant in our sense that he had once saved the people from a bloodthirsty monster, and was always ready to sacrifice himself, and even to die, in their cause. At the very opening of the play, they are appealing to him with trustful confidence to deliver them from plague; and, Professor Murray observes, we find in him traces of the pre-Hellenic Medicine King who could make rain or blue sky, pestilence or fertility. Such divine power was inherent in early Kingship, as we see in the preservation of the title of "King" for the Athenian Archon, an elected official, under whose care religion specially came. Oedipus, far from being a cruel and licentious despot of the "Swellfoot" type, was in reality a paternal and devoted guardian of the State. "Pride breeds the tyrant," sings the Chorus, but the observation, we suppose, was directed rather to the Athenian audience than to the savior of Thebes.

A temporary misfortune has also lately befallen the play owing to our amusing Censor's attempt to forbid it the stage as an improper work compared to "Dear Old Charley." For generations it has been one of the regulation plays that every classical undergraduate and every sixth-form boy in our public schools has been obliged to read, and we do not suppose that even the filthiest-minded school-boy has ever discovered a touch of impropriety or indecency to enjoy in the play, or even of "immorality." The horror of the situation is too great for immorality. Even our perplexing Censor seems at last to have discovered that, since he is reported to have removed his ban, and admitted the "Oedipus" to the stage together with "The Spring Chicken." That a man should unwittingly murder his father and have children by his mother is a thing outside the region of human temptation. For a child to murder its father may have its reasons, as in "The Cenci," but the reasons are so unusual that the crime need hardly be considered one way or other in the course of human life. The other unconscious horror does not happen once in a thousand years, and it can be omitted from the list of possible crimes, just as the Prayer Book might omit one's grandmother from the list of prohibited affinities. No one but our Censor could possibly have imagined that the standard of national morality would be lowered by the presentation of so horrible a relationship.

To be sure, there is horror, and the horror appears to us beyond hope of relief. Professor Murray says:—

"We have no right to suppose that Sophocles thought of the involuntary parricide and metrogamy as the people in his play do. Indeed, considering the general tone of his contemporaries and friends, we may safely assume that he did not. But at any rate he has allowed no breath of later enlightenment to disturb the primeval gloom of his atmosphere."

We are not quite sure that any later enlightenment could disturb that gloom. That the deeds were involuntary removes the burden of "sin." It removes the reproach of

* "Oedipus, King of Thebes." By Sophocles. Translated by Gilbert Murray. George Allen. 2s.

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a breach of the laws. But there are regions of gloom and horror in which no account of the laws is taken—regions that no enlightenment can greatly relieve. Oedipus might plead that he was an unconscious victim to fate, but the existence of his children remained as a memorial of a horror from which he could not escape. That the act was unwitting increases our pity, but it does not alleviate the gloom. We are moving among those unwritten and secure laws, not of to-day or yesterday, but of origin unknown, to which Antigone appeals in the famous passage. In this very play of "Oedipus," the chorus appeals to those same laws in remarkably similar words, which Professor Murray thus translates:—

"Toward God's great mysteries, oh, let me move
Unstained till I die,
In speech or doing; for the Laws thereof
Are holy, walkers upon ways above,
Born in the far blue sky;
Their father is Olympus uncreate;
No man hath made nor told
Their being; neither shall Oblivion set
Sleep on their eyes, for in them lives a great
Spirit and grows not old."

Man's obedience to those eternal laws, that transcend and often contradict the human ordinances, appears to be beautiful in every age, but the horror attending every breach of them lives, like their great spirit, and grows not old. For ourselves, we do not feel that the gloom is in any degree less dense in our day than it was to an Athenian audience.

The whole play is an example of unmitigated pessimism. No light or hope redeems it. Man is a plaything of the gods. They allure us to our doom with tricky oracles and ambiguous jests, and so they kill us for their sport. A passionate but singularly noble-hearted man, a woman of high dignity and public spirit, so careful of the gods that she had endured to expose even her own baby to slow death upon the mountains in hopes of averting their causeless cruelty—could the gods find nothing better for such people than, while raising them side by side to the height of outward prosperity, bit by bit to involve them in a net of almost intolerable calamity? And all for nothing—for no object; and as penalty for no sin. People talk lightly of the sunny cheerfulness that pervades the Hellenic spirit. Where in a tragedy like this do we find sun or cheer? They have called Sophocles "the mellow glory of the Attic stage;" they have said that he "saw life steadily, and saw it whole." If this is mellow wisdom, what hope is left for mankind? If seeing life steadily and whole reveals a sight like this, heaven help us! though it is useless to pray for help.

Euripides, derided for centuries as the woman-hater, is now seen to have sympathised with women and to have understood them as no other of the ancients. Whether in the same manner he understood the nature of the gods, we are not much nearer judging now than the Athenians were. But, sceptic and scoffer though he was called, at all events he cannot have drawn a more hideous picture of the divine nature than Sophocles, whom critics have always crowned with a bland and radiant halo, has here drawn. "Call no man happy till he is dead," is the last word of the Chorus, for we cannot know by what wiles the gods may betray fortune and virtue. "Nothingness, nothingness," Professor Murray translates the opening of another Chorus, with great beauty and closeness:—

"Nothingness, nothingness,
Ye Children of Men, and less
I count you, waking or dreaming,
And none among mortals, none,
Seeking to live, hath won
More than to seem, and cease
Again from his seeming."

Whether Euripides, in the vast scope of his works, ever touched this depth of pessimism and impiety, we cannot say off-hand. But he could not possibly have sunk deeper in despair, both of gods and men, and his gloom would have been relieved with a humanity, an indignant, active, and rebellious pity, that we do not find in the "Oedipus," though pathos and compassion are there. Astonishing as the play is in the evolution of the plot, a masterpiece of that "irony" which an Athenian audience, knowing the whole story beforehand, would recognise so swiftly, yet we should be sorry if his success in rendering this model of language and construction should divert Professor Murray from his service to Euripides. But it will not divert him.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM is an acknowledged authority on the civilisation of the Incas, and while students will regret that he has given up his project of a detailed history, they will welcome his "Incas of Peru" (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net) as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of ancient Peru. It takes the form of a series of essays, each of which treats of some special aspect of the subject. The first is called "The Tellers of the Story," and reviews the work of writers on Peruvian history from Pedro de Cieza de Leon down to the "Nueva Cronica y Buen Gobierno," a manuscript by an Indian author which was recently discovered in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. In the second essay, Sir Clements Markham discusses the mystery of Tiahuanacu, the great ruined city which stands on a plateau 12,000 feet above the sea-level, in a region "only capable of sustaining a scanty population of hardy mountaineers and laborers." Sir Clements Markham inclines to the view that the ruins date from a time when the Andes were lower and did not intercept the trade wind, which could then carry its moisture over them to the strip of land which is now an arid desert. An examination of the evidence contained in the list of a hundred kings of Peru forms the subject of the third essay, while the fourth and fifth deal with the Paccari-Tampu myth and the rise of the Incas. Inca religion, festivals, language, literature, and government are also explained. Sir Clements Markham has high praise for the communal system of the Incas. It was, he says, "Socialism such as dreamers in past ages have conceived, and unpractical theorists now talk about. . . . In the wildest and most inaccessible valleys, the eye of the central authority was ever upon the people, and the never-failing brain, beneficent though inexorable, provided for all their wants, gathered in their tribute, and selected their children for the various occupations required by the State, according to their several aptitudes." A translation of the Inca drama of Ollantay is printed as an appendix, and there is a map of South Peru and North Bolivia, which the author tells us has taken two years to prepare.

* * *

AFTER the many books on Nietzsche written by disciples whose zeal left small place for sobriety of judgment, M. Daniel Halévy's "Life of Friedrich Nietzsche" (Unwin, 8s. 6d. net), which has been excellently translated by Mr. J. M. Hone, will be read with some feeling of relief. M. Halévy treats Nietzsche with sympathy and respect; but he is far from being a blind worshipper, and he handles the critical scales with justness and a sense of measure. Nietzsche's place in the world of philosophy and of letters is not, despite the protest of his admirers, either easy to determine or likely soon to be outside the pale of controversy. Those who dismiss his teaching as mere anarchical ravings have to explain the vogue he has enjoyed throughout Europe. Professor Kettle, who contributes an admirable introduction to the present volume, holds that Nietzsche's theories are "a counter poison to sentimentalism, that worst ailment of our day." But a counter poison is still a poison, and must not be swallowed greedily. "He brings a sort of ethical strychnine which, taken in large doses, is fatal, but, in small doses, is an incomparable tonic." The trouble about most Nietzscheans is that they would have us swallow all their master has said at a gulp. Professor Kettle's statement, that "Nietzsche, in truth, was a man of ecstasies and intuitions rather than of sequent thought," is a good summary. Unfortunately the ecstasies and the intuitions were often contradictory, and as Nietzsche is always dogmatic, it is impossible to expound his philosophy as a coherent system. Its most striking feature, or, at any rate, the feature on which his interpreters lay most stress, is the war that he made on altruism. We agree with Professor Kettle in finding the best answer to this side of Nietzsche in Goyan, "another poet strayed into philosophy." We may, if we wish, follow Nietzsche, but humanity is likely to find deeper truth in Goyan's belief that "there is a certain generosity inseparable from existence, without which one withers up interiorly and dies. The mind must flower; morality, altruism, are the flower of human life."

* * *

UNDER the title of "Mazzini and Other Essays" (Putnam's, 6s. net), there have been collected a number of papers

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written by the late Mr. Henry Damerest Lloyd. The subjects are varied in character, and the book mainly consists of public addresses given by Mr. Lloyd at the Chicago Literary Club and similar institutions. Mr. Lloyd was a keen social reformer, and the leading characteristic of this posthumous volume is a spirit of earnestness which, though less impressive when conveyed through the medium of the written word than of the living voice, is likely to gain the reader's attention. Mazzini and William Morris, the subjects of the first two addresses, lend themselves to an exposition of Mr. Lloyd's democratic theories. His statement that when Morris spoke in public "it was less with the manners of an orator than as if he were talking from the quarter-deck to the waves, in the hope that there would soon be more waves," well recalls Morris's vigorous personality to those who heard him speak. The address on "Emerson's Wit and Humor" is less successful, and does not prove its case, for though it is easy to quote telling and even humorous phrases from Emerson, he cannot be regarded as one of the world's "wits," except in the eighteenth-century sense of the term. The subjects of the other essays and addresses are: "Sir Harry Vane," "Some Dutch Notions," "Free Speech and Assemblage," "The Scholar in Contemporary Practical Questions," and "Is Personal Development the Best Policy?"

"THE DESERT GATEWAY," by Mr. S. H. Leeder (Cassell, 6s. net), is an account of a winter season spent by the author and his wife in Biskra. One cannot help regarding with a certain amount of suspicion any observations of Oriental life and character that are made from the doorstep, so to speak, of a comfortable European hotel; but in this case there has been an honest effort to cultivate and study the Arabs of the locality, and the book probes deeper than do the majority of those penned by enthusiastic and well-meaning globe-trotters. Mr. Leeder made friends of his servants and guides, visited their homes and, sympathetic and trustful himself, succeeded in inspiring a corresponding sympathy and trust in his Arab companions. He has a good deal to say of their religion, which is so inextricably bound up with their life; nearly three chapters are devoted to an account of the career of Mohammed and to an exposition of Islamism. Arab customs at births, marriages, and deaths are described with considerable vivacity, and there is a more or less intimate account of the Fast and the Feast of Ramadhân. It may, of course, be urged that Mr. Hichens, whose name is so much honored in Biskra, has sufficiently exploited the "atmosphere" of the place in "The Garden of Allah." But Mr. Leeder's individual character studies are his own, and if his theological explanations strike one as being a little too prolix, if his construction is sometimes loose, and one is occasionally distracted by somewhat childish details, to the detriment of his picture as a whole, his book may yet be welcomed for its evident sincerity and its desire to understand. The half-tone illustrations are well selected and informative.

A NEW edition of Spenser's "Minor Poems," edited by Mr. E. de Selincourt, has been issued by the Clarendon Press (10s. 6d. net). In spite of Mr. de Selincourt's modest disclaimer, the obvious aim is to present a full variorum edition, based substantially on the method of Furnivall's Shakespeare, and justifiable in view of the instabilities of Spenser's text and the complexities of his orthography. Textually perfect, and sumptuous in annotation, the book is somewhat deficient in other respects. In the "spacious days" when adventurousness was a prime virtue, Spenser, with his contemporaries, set himself to revolutionise the English metrical system. The "Minor Poems," particularly the "Shepherd's Calendar," are a monument to his love of experiment in versification. Yet of the discoveries and adaptations from Chaucer, Surrey, and Wyatt, and the French *Pléiade*, so supple and individual as to amount to innovation, or of the melodies of Spenser's own specially constructed Alexandrine, Mr. de Selincourt has not a word. The same silence is preserved over Spenser's dialectical usages. The "Shepherd's Calendar," for instance, is the maddest carnival of diversities of language, a chaotic "gallimaufry" compounded of Lancashire patois, courtly speech, classicisms, personal

coinages, and miscellaneous archaisms from Chaucer and others. For a critical estimate of the "Minor Poems," we are abandoned to the biased rhapsodies of Mr. "E. K.," Spenser's friend. The immense panorama of the "Fairy Queen" has tended to huddle into the background the lanes and by-paths of Spenser's more leisurely muse. His sonnet sequence, the "Amoretti," with their platonic quietism, their finely-weaved tropes and figures, and rather thin, passionless eclecticism, give force to Mr. Sidney Lee's contention that the Elizabethan sonnet is an echo rather than genuine autobiography. But the four derivative Hymns to Home and Beauty, and the Epithalamium, are unsurpassable for their mingling of sustained music and fine craftsmanship with seraphic exaltation and still loneliness of vision. The "Shepherd's Calendar" is wantonly unequal within its penthouse of pastoral convention, and the rest are mediocre in theme and treatment. Many of them are occupied with the tiresome laments common to the time, others are crowded with insincere pietisms and Puritanic trumpetings of the variety dear to the heart of Harvey and Roger Ascham. The special interest of these "Minor Poems" is to note, amid their placidity of atmosphere, a vivid personal struggle between an ideal of beauty in the sense in which Keats, Spenser's disciple, understood it, and a non-sensuous idealism as his patron, Sidney, understood it.

ONE of the most fascinating of cultural hobbies is the raising of ferns from spores, and by the other methods described in Mr. C. T. Druery's book, "British Ferns and Their Varieties" (Routledge, 7s. 6d. net). The book is nothing if not practical, yet there gleams through these plain statements of fact many a thought full of suggestion to the biologist and the evolutionist. Few people are aware of the great numbers of well-marked variations affected by a comparatively few species of British ferns. These very ancient growths seem to be now indulging in a freakishness to which the younger flowering plants are in a state of nature little prone. There is, for instance, the story of *Polystichum aculeatum* var. *pulcherrimum*, which, remaining barren for many years, then threw from one or two sporangia a number of ferns of the astonishing *gracillimum* type. There are in this book several hundreds of plates, many of them colored, showing the great number of varieties that one or two selected species of British ferns have produced. The life-history of the fern is graphically shown as a preparation for the chapters on the several methods of culture of which spores and fronds are susceptible. This thoroughly and pleasantly is treated one of the most fascinating branches of plant-study. It is a book for fern-lovers and a book for the creation of fern-lovers.

"SHELLEY: POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1820," edited, with introduction and notes, by A. R. D. Hughes (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.), contains a critical edition of the poems Shelley published in 1820, under the title of "Prometheus Unbound: A Lyrical Drama, in Four Acts, with Other Poems." Mr. Hughes provides for his readers notes on the text and notes on the poems, with a general introduction and an introduction to "Prometheus Unbound." The book is admirably done. The introductions are interesting and models of compact and felicitous writing, and the notes are full and scholarly. The volume includes the "Ode to the West Wind," the "Ode to a Skylark," and the "Ode to Liberty."

MR. HENRY JAMES FORMAN'S "In the Footprints of Heine" (Constable, 6s. net) is an account of a tour on foot through the Hartz mountains, made by an American. Nothing out of the way happened to Mr. Forman during his journey, and his descriptions of the scenery call for little comment. He seems to have encountered a good deal of wet weather, to have taken a special interest in the folk-lore of the district, and to have made acquaintance with a German family which included a charming daughter. The book has practically nothing in it about Heine, but Mr. Forman has made a pleasant enough volume out of his uneventful journey.

LADY BUNTING has reprinted as a pamphlet her article, "Mistress and Maid," which appeared in the "Contemporary

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We have received the first number of "Egypt," a monthly journal of Eastern news, intended to furnish public men and others with trustworthy facts about the Near East, especially facts about Egypt. The journal is issued by the Egyptian Committee and is strongly adverse to the present policy of the Foreign Office. The first number contains an interesting article on the Bagdad Railway by "Ex-Diplomaticus," and to this special attention is directed and it may well be read.

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THE Stock Markets have been dull, the Mexican trouble having been a source of considerable alarm. But the decision of the Bank Directors reducing the rate from 3½ to 3 per cent. produced a fresh supply of optimism on Thursday, and the Board of Trade returns for February constituting another record prove once more the expansive character of our manufacturing and commercial prosperity.

CONSOLS AND IRISH LAND STOCK.

The rally in Consols during the last few weeks, though small, has given great encouragement in the City. Already a considerable rise is being predicted, but there would be more speculative buoyancy and more confidence in the market if another issue of Irish Land Stock were not at hand to check excessive enthusiasm. Certainly the Charity Organisation Society could not have chosen a more opportune moment than this for discussing the issue of small Government bonds in order to provide thrifty people of small means with a safe and suitable investment. In the discussion which followed Mr. Wolff's paper, on Monday afternoon, a speaker suggested that the next issue of Irish Land Stock should be utilised for a large experiment, and the idea was strongly approved and urged by Lord St. Aldwyn, who in summing up the discussion, remarked that it would be very desirable to induce small investors in Ireland to take an interest in Irish Land Stock. He added how much he regretted that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer during the war, he had not issued Government Stock in small bonds as well as in the ordinary way. There were several Stock Exchange men present, and sentiment seemed to be unanimously in favor of the course suggested. Mr. Lloyd George ought not to allow himself to be balked of this simple and useful reform by the weight of official inertia.

FRENCH RENTES.

A memorandum was read from Sir Inglis Palgrave strongly urging the issue of small £10 bonds through the Post Offices. In France, writes Sir Inglis, the facility with which small Government securities can be purchased greatly assists to popularise the holding of them, and at the same time to keep the price of Rentes steady. Notices appear in the windows of the local stockbrokers of comparatively small towns in France of the price of the funds that day. The same class of business could easily be carried out here if the same class of security existed. If the notices were exhibited in the Post Offices, a very large business might be done. The "Irredeemable" Public Debt of France which amounted in the year 1904 to about £890,000,000, was

divided at that time among more than 3,000,000 holdings. It does not appear that our National Debt can at the present time be held by more than 400,000 persons, including the 150,000 or 160,000 who hold stock purchased through the Post Office Savings Bank. If every Post Office exhibited a specimen of a bond in frame, with the coupons attached, there can be very little doubt that the appetite for these little bonds would grow as rapidly here as it has done in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, where the small bonds are generally at a premium.

AMERICAN RAILS.

After the slump which followed on the decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission against any increase of railroad rates, the American Railway Market has been dull. The attempt of the bulls to make out that the decision proved the splendid condition and prospects of the lines was typically American. But the "Wall Street Journal" defends the bearishness of Wall Street as follows: "Before the passage of the Mann-Elkins law the market prices of railroad stocks were made on the assumption, among others, that the railroads would be allowed to continue to earn substantial surpluses over their ordinary dividend requirements, so long as they were well and conservatively managed. The Commission now declares that rates shall not be raised to offset, even in any part, the higher cost of operation, and thus to preserve the margin of safety over dividends. It follows incontestably that until some other factor of compensation, as, for instance, lower prices for equipment or lower wages, exerts its influence railroad stocks are intrinsically less valuable than they were before the Commission laid what may prove the cornerstone of a national policy toward railroad investment." Most of us will agree with the writer that there was "nothing unnatural or mistaken or insincere about Wall Street's reception of the decisions."

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